

God of Dragons

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Summary: Every night Hiccup wakes up in fear of the nightmare he has just witnessed. A being of evil is now haunting him both in his dreams and everyday life. He begins to wonder if the activity of this creature and the new, dragon-like ability he now possesses tie together. With Toothless by his side he now has to face this evil head on if he wishes to survive.

1. Dreams of shadow

****My newest story. This is a dark story that shall hopefully quench your thirst for adventure, action and everything else. Thankfully I have seen the second movie so I have an idea about how Hiccup thinks, what he invents and so forth. Please wait and see where this story goes. The following chapters shall hopefully be longer. Please enjoy.****

* * *

><p>Forest green eyes flashed open in the dark, signalling a strange shock and fear flicking from deep within those irises. Following the sudden movements of a young lad of about sixteen, who woke with the animal skins shifting away from his antsy limbs as he previously writhed in his sleep, he sat up, jerked wide awake in sudden fear.<p>

A second pair of eyes, much larger then the brunette boys, glistened with worry as the shadow of a large beast followed those iridescent peridot retinas towards his boy.

Hiccup's breath was coming in quick, short gasps as he tried his best to calm his raging nerves. He had his knees drawn up close to his chest and his head was resting between them. His arms hugged them close.

The black beast, a magnificent Night Fury dragon with gleaming dark

scales and massive bat-like wings, shuffled over and placed his rounded nose onto his friends cheek, rumbling calmly with his unique sounding voice.

It took a moment but Hiccup uncurled himself from his protective ball and hugged the dragons head, nuzzling his face into the side of the dragons head.

"I'm ok, I'm ok!" The frightened boy said with a barely audible voice. The dragon purred in understanding, wondering what the fuss was about.

"It was that nightmare again. The same one..." He shuddered suddenly "...always the same one!"

The dragon started to make a warbling sound, a comforting sound from deep within his chest, his eyes wide as he watched the boy settle down. His obsidian pupils were shaped like squares, showing his calm bearing, which seemed to permeate into the slight figure of the nervous Viking, calming him all the more quickly.

"Thanks bud. I owe you a lot for just being here." Hiccup hugged the reptile closely before he swung his legs over the side of the bed. He reached over to place his prosthetic foot onto his damaged leg before getting up and leaving the house.

He walked quietly with his dragon friend following closely behind, equally as quiet. They tiptoed down the stairs so that Hiccups father would not be alerted to their early morning excursion into Berk village.

As soon as the boy left the wooden structure of his home he shuddered when a cold wind blew up from the vast ocean. Winter was closing in quickly. The autumn months surging past as the frost began to settle on the ground and the lakes and ponds upon the island froze during the night.

Even now, just before the goddess Sol brought forth the light of dawn a light covering of snow settled upon the ground.

The lights that twinkled in the heavens shined down in their millions. A beautiful array of white stars watching down from their high place. The waxing moon settled amongst the gazes of the stars also watching the earth. It wouldn't be long until Hati chased the moon away allowing the sun to rise.

They took a little time walking through the village. Walking deliberately through the icy town, ploughing through the newly fallen snow. The clouds that contained the snow now halfway across the ocean, riding on the steady winds. They had given way to the glorious carpet of stars.

The houses were quiet, the occupants not even stirring. They would in about an hour. The Terrors upon the rooftops warbled in the gloom, singing for the break of day to come. Hiccup listened to the sweet sounds, allowing his pounding heart to settle within his chest cavity.

Hiccup kept one hand upon Toothlesses' flank the whole time, drawing warmth from his smooth scales.

They took a small walk through the town before making back towards his own home. They left two sets of prints in the snow, both close together, almost as if the small human was walking beneath the wing of a great beast.

Hiccup guided Toothless towards the edge of the forest, a place he could reach behind his home where a great cliff hung over the rushing waves of the sea. The trees created a secluded spot leaving a grassy overhang which was a nice place to sit and simply watch.

It was here that they settled, Hiccup's legs dangling over the precipice, his palms on the soft spongy grass, watching the first light of dawn as it sparkled over the waves. His heart settled he leaned back against the warm side of his best friend, breathing in the fresh scents of the sea, forest and sky.

The fresh, but biting wind seared into the skin of his face as he watched the sun peek over the horizon line.

Suddenly Hiccup felt a little chilled. It was like the wind was trying to creep into the core of his body. Hiccup wished he brought an extra skin with him just so he could throw it over his shoulders and block the rushing air out.

Toothless, ever observant saw that Hiccup was getting a little cold so he brought his thick tail around along with his large wing, using them as a makeshift blanket.

Hiccup looked up, seeing the gummy, toothless smile of his friend. Seeing that awkward but warm smile put a smile on his own face. Toothless purred back in amusement.

Hiccup fingered the leathery wing, feeling the thin but strong membrane, which contained heated blood that made the skin feel like a living, mobile hearth. Hiccup slowly warmed up. Toothless used his thick set paw to catch Hiccup around his waist, bringing the youth even closer in. If anyone saw them now they would see a large black shadow with gleaming green eyes, and another, far smaller figure peeking out from a large membrane looking up towards the brightening sky.

Leaving his face out to watch the approaching sunlight Hiccup stared out over the waters. He mulled over the strange dream. Whenever he had time to himself he would look back upon what he saw in his sleep.

The dreams came most nights bringing forth dark shadows, monstrous creatures and the shape of something human which lurked amongst the darkness. It only whispered unintelligible words to the scared youth. Hiccup could hear the snarl of beasts surrounding the eerie voice, even the shadows would shift around the figure.

Hiccup would try to listen, but half the time he just wanted to break out of the nightmare. Every time he saw the apparition it spoke a little stronger, but never enough to make any sense of it.

It was then he would become surrounded by darkness. It was like a viscous liquid and washed over his head, trying to drown him in darkness and despair. The rip tides surged forth, tossing the boy

around. It was like many beasts surging past.

The pain would begin after the current took him away. Down and down it took him where a beast with a dragon like face and fangs as long as swords waited. Hiccup had to kneel on a cold stone floor each time with the only sound he could hear being the pounding of his frantic heart.

Before the creature could strike he would wake up. He woke in such a way he was too terrified to scream out. To the young boy it felt like his heart was trying to wrench free from his body.

"I'm glad you are here bud." The tired boy yawned. After his yawn he also heard Toothless yawn, his wide mouth spreading wide revealing his pink gums devoid of teeth. Once he was finished he licked his lips and placed his head back down.

Hiccup smiled, but then the cold caught on his nose causing him to sneeze violently. Without him helping it a few bright Golden flames sparked out. They lasted for a few seconds, travelling like little fireflies in the wind before they sizzled out.

"I don't know how much longer I can keep this secret from everyone though." Hiccup sighed, "please gods, watch over me and Toothless." He huddled into the warmth of his dragon, waiting out the early pink of dawn.

Without the notice of the boy and his dragon a pair of ravens watched over them from the shadows of the trees, Blinking their beady black eyes in acknowledgement before they took off on silent wings, leaving that realm behind.

Toothless felt a sinister shudder pass through his body after they left.

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><p>please tell me what you think. I wanted to do a How to train your dragon story for ages but couldn't think of a decent plot, but now I think I have it. more shall be revealed in the next chapter. I am not one to place padding in a story. And now, until next time. *takes off*

2. Voices, both happy and sad

yay, thank you so much for all the follows I received for this story already. You don't know how happy I am. To reward you fine readers I have already posted the second chapter. I have a good feeling about this story. Enjoy.

* * *

><p>About an hour after sun up Hiccup returned back to the village with Toothless. Hiccup walked slowly, not even looking where he was going. His head was down and his eyes were half open. If any of the villagers saw him now they would have thought the boy had another fight with his father over something trivial.<p>

In all honesty, Hiccup was simply worn out. The nightmares that

constantly played on his mind, circling his thoughts day and night, meant he had lost so much sleep. Hiccup was now feeling extra groggy as he left his bed this morning instead of trying to get back to sleep.

Blacksmith duties and dragon training wouldn't wait though, so he knew he had to spend the day hard at work once again whilst trying to hide his strange new ability.

Hiccup remembered when it first appeared. The same as this morning it also happened that day. Thankfully the only being with him was Toothless.

They had a fabulous day of flying, trying out new tricks which Hiccup always wanted to push to the extreme. At this point in time Hiccup was working on a type of flight suit that would allow him to glide through the sky like a dragon.

It was still in the prototype stages and Hiccup wasn't quite ready to use it too high up. He would jump from low level cliffs with the wind blowing out to sea. If it went wrong he would simply plunge into the waves and swim back to shore. So far he was making progress.

It was after the excursion at cliff he used, which was situated on the northern side of the island, that when he sat on the beach drying out he ended up sneezing.

Toothless was there, watching the whole time. His ears lay flat against his neck as his teeth flashed in shock.

Hiccup was equally shocked, even more so than his dragon. Just now tiny Golden flames surged out when he sneezed. They were tiny, but bright. They lasted for a few seconds before the wind blew them out.

Hiccups greengage eyes watched in horror. How did that occur?

Before Hiccup could start to wonder Toothless growled, snatching his attention for his own. It was time to head back.

Ever since then Hiccup learned that he had the ability to breath fire like a dragon. He still wasn't sure how he controlled it and sometimes it would come out by accident. So far the flames only burned small, but they were exceedingly bright and energetic, unlike any fire seen wielded by any dragon.

Thankfully no others except Toothless has seen this seemingly bad omen. Whatever it was it couldn't be good. It scared Hiccup. A human shouldn't be able to expel fire of any kind from their lungs, only air that has been breathed out.

Hiccup decided he had no appetite so he trudged back towards the academy where he would spend the morning working with the other teens and giving advice to the villagers on the care of their own dragons. The afternoon he would spend with Gobber in the shop.

These past few days he barely touched the food that was set in front of him. He only spent time in the great hall when his father urged him to go there and eat. Hiccup went, sat down with something like a chicken leg in front of it and spent at least an hour picking at it,

slowly eating it.

More often than not the other teens were there. Many of them didn't pay much attention but Astrid and Fishlegs were the first to notice Hiccup's despondency lately. They came and sat with him at the table and noticed his eyes seem to be staring at nothing in particular. In actual fact it looked plain creepy and forced Astrid to lightly punch him on the shoulder. Hiccup then woke up from his silent haunted expression and focused his eyes on the blonde haired girl.

Hiccup tried to explain that there was nothing wrong but it was plain on Astrid's face that she thought differently. Thankfully she left it at that. For now.

Nearing the training area Hiccup was woken from his thoughts when he heard a massive explosion, then there was shouting and growls emanating from the arena. Sighing with barely contained ire Hiccup entered quickly with Toothless growling close behind.

"Oh dear gods, what's happened now?" Hiccup decided already it was too early for this and his lack of sleep was making him less patient than normal. Usually his patience would be tried over a certain length of time. Hiccup was good at collecting the calm in his mind, but now his patience was wearing as thin as a melting ice sheet. One surge of hot air would crack it down the middle.

"Nothing to get annoyed at." Snotlout had just dismounted from his dragon Hookfang and was pointing to the other side of the arena. "If you want to blame someone blame those idiots over there."

"Now wait just a moment. It was your suggestion in the first place, I just did it better." Tuffnut had his arms crossed over his chest, one eyebrow raised.

Suddenly a skinny girl who resembled the long blonde haired boy came flying out of nowhere, punching him in the face. "You mean 'we' idiot."

It was then the twins started to have a mini brawl in the middle of the arena with their dragons double heads watching in amusement. They made chirping noises as they watched their riders quarrelling in the dust.

"Ruffnut, Tuffnut, please would you stop!" Hiccup had to shout just to be heard. "Snotlout, what happened here?"

"Well, Tuffnut bet that his dragon could create a bigger crater in the wall with their fire than Hookfang could. I just wanted to prove him wrong, but then there was that awesome explosion, and here we are now."

Hiccup looked behind Snotlout to be met with the scene of carnage to the arena wall. The whole wall was coated in black soot and there were distinct little craters and one massive one in the middle. The wall was still steaming and the cracks still glowed with red hot fire.

The twins stopped fighting just then to dish out unhelpful comments.

"Yeah, but we were meant to create the explosions one after the other. His dragon couldn't wait."

"Hookfang is noble, he appreciates going first before you do."

Tuffnut put it upon himself to place his forehead against Snotlout's head, challenging him. "Oh yeah, you wanna have another go! Bring it with your overgrown lizard!"

The air in the area suddenly turned icy so Hiccup ran up to them, pulling Tuffnut away from the black haired boy. "Guys, guys, we are all friends here, but causing explosions this time of the day is a sure fire way of attracting my dad or some of the other villagers to check in on us. I don't want today's sessions to not go ahead because of your disagreements."

Snotlout turned away and Tuffnut wrenched himself out of the small boy's grip. "Yeah, whatever." They both said at the same time. They both scowled because of that.

Hiccup sighed, feeling more tired than ever. He actually felt like returning back to bed and sleeping until the next morning, but he knew that would rouse suspicion amongst his peers. The fact he lost sleep hasn't gone unnoticed.

"Hiccup, are you okay?" Astrid who just entered the arena with Stormfly walked straight up to him after she dismounted her dragon. She placed a hand to his forehead in an attempt to check his temperature, but Hiccup didn't appreciate her checking. He stepped back quickly, immediately firing off excuses.

"I'm perfectly fine," his smile didn't persuade the pretty blonde haired girl. Her blue eyes reflected back a concern for the brunette boy. She knew Hiccup wasn't one to offload his troubles on others. Sometimes it was so frustrating, especially when the situation escalated so quickly that it becomes fit to burst like a Night Furies plasma blast.

"No, you're really not!" Astrid's voice rose slightly in exasperation. "For days now you have looked like the walking dead. It's like you just crept out from the clutches of Hel."

"That isn't-"

She cut him off immediately "Your eyes look so tired. You're not as patient anymore, barely eating and sometimes I catch you napping when you are supposed to be working." By now everyone else had gathered to watch the exchange between the two teens. "What's wrong?"

Hiccup was nonplussed for a second, not believing how observant the stubborn young woman actually was.

Toothless took his moment of silence to nudge him in the back, a silent plea. Hiccup knew that his bud wanted him to at least relinquish some of the burdens troubling him. Hiccup sighed, his tired eyes closing for a while before he looked straight into Astrid's eyes.

"Ok," he whispered, "I will tell you this." He paused, biting his

lip. He couldn't look into her eyes anymore so he lowered his gaze and looked at the ground. There was silence all around. Even he twins waited without speaking, eagerly awaiting what the chiefs son had to say.

"I haven't been right lately because I have been having nightmares." He said it quickly and quietly. For a moment he wondered if anyone actually ears for they didn't say a thing.

After a few moments the silence ended with a burst of three sets of laughter. Hiccup looked up and saw Snotlout, Ruffnut and Tuffnut attempting to laugh heir lungs out of their body. Fishlegs looked confused and Astrid looked simply perplexed, her eyes wide.

"Nightmares, hah, what are you, a child?" Ruffnut joked.

"Hah, he must be." Snotlout giggled with barely contained glee, "who still worried over nightmares anymore?"

Tuffnut didn't say anything for he was rolling about in the floor with laughter guzzling out from his mouth like Barfs green flammable gas.

Hiccup looked down again now feeling acutely embarrassed. He just told them the reason behind everything bad that was happening lately but they simply mocked him. It was like returning to the past before he met Toothless.

He was shocked when Toothless took that moment to roar out like the day they met when he had Hiccup pinned to the ground. The roar was so loud that the other dragons watching recoiled slightly away from the group of youths, watching with their pupils slitted in slight fear.

Another bout of silence followed. Hiccup was close to tears now. He was so frustrated with the situation that he wanted nothing than to return home and hide away forever.

"Hiccup," Astrid said warily. She neared him once again and placed a cool hand on his cheek. She raised his head, looking into his eyes. "It's not as simple as that is it!" It wasn't a question, it was a statement.

Hiccup nodded. Deep down he knew he could count on Astrid to notice when something said was serious or not.

"Every night for the past few days, I witness the same thing each time." Hiccup walked over and stood next to Toothless, placing his hand on his thick neck.

"Toothless is there to witness me every night, waking from a nightmare plagued with the shadows of beasts. They circle me in the darkness, heckling me, growling. All I see is their eyes and fangs. It's eerie, but not as much as the figure."

He paused, taking a deep breath, suppressing a shudder. His audience silent. He felt sort of glad to be sharing his night terrors with someone other than his dragon. Even though Toothless understood he wanted someone to respond back to him in Norse, telling him in words

that everything would be ok.

"The figure tries to speak, but I don't understand them. The figure looks human, but I know I have never seen them before. It's tall and thin with wild hair. I don't even see their eyes. After that I'm dragged down somewhere where a beast with sword like fangs attempts to tear into me, I always wake up after that."

"What does that mean then?" Astrid asked the question as soon as Hiccup finished, not wanting there to be another silence.

Hiccup closed his eyes, his heart beating fast. "I don't know."

"Woah now, this is getting sort of depressing," Snotlout said in an attempt to break away the tension.

"Yeah, let's talk about other things, like, our dragon beating his dragon in contests of strength." Tuffnut looked slightly uncomfortable with the whole situation. He was one to be more freaked out by ghost stories than the others, even though he didn't show it.

"C'mon Hiccup, now that we know we can take today easy, maybe finish early so that you can go home and rest for a while." Astrid was smiling at the tired boy now. Hiccup looked at her feeling much better than he did.

"Thanks Astrid," he said. With more energy than he could muster before he got back to the situation at hand. Dragon training.

* * *

><p>A couple of hours later Hiccup emerged from the arena with the others, who all took off on their own dragons to do their own thing. Hiccup didn't follow as he hadn't yet placed the saddle and tail fin onto Toothless yet.<p>

Toothless knew that his human wasn't in the right state to ride today, so he knew he had to put up with his natural urges to fly, at least for now.

Hiccup walked wearily again on his one prosthetic foot, not noticing the abandoned spear blocking the path. Luckily before he landed with his face in the ground Toothless caught the back of his tunic with his wide mouth, his teeth snapping out at almost lightening speed to catch his friend.

"Thanks bud, I'm ok." He scratched Toothless affectionately behind the ear. They continued walking towards the village after.

Hiccup was thinking that because they finished early he could go home and sleep for a while. Making up his mind he began to walk towards his house. That was until he heard it.

Looking towards his right he saw a crevice in the rock with a deep dark gloom settled inside it. Hiccup peered into it, his forest eyes focussing on something that wanted to remain unseen.

"Here...please come here..." The voice was quiet, like a hiss and

it scared Hiccup to the core, but he found he couldn't move.

Toothless began to growl. Whatever was in there it wasn't good. It may be more powerful than even he.

"_Come here sweet boy...I have so much to show you._.." The voice giggled, the sound like a keckle. A warning shiver passed through Hiccups flesh. A cold shiver raging down his spine. _"Blood...spill the blood of the dragon lord...take him away to the darkest place in existence...watch him suffer... Heahahahaha_."

Toothless had had enough, he threw the paralysed Hiccup over his head, placing him with a juddering halt onto his neck and ran towards the village at breakneck speed.

He blitzed away from the dark crevice, over the bridge that led towards the arena, through the village taking no heed of the people he almost ran into. He simply jumped over them. Hiccup clung on with surprising strength, his face buried at the base of his dragons neck.

Even Toothless was immensely spooked by the voice, and it wasn't very often that even a Night Fury became scared like a lesser animal. All he could think of was getting the terrified boy away from whatever was lurking inside the shadows of that crevice.

Toothless ran right towards their home. He roared out to get the attention of the man inside. Some of the villagers followed, wondering what had just happened.

Hiccup didn't appear to notice anything, even when his father was running towards him with a worried look on his face. Hiccup didn't even register the scared voice of his father or the worried warble of his dragon.

The voice he heard, he recognised it.

It was the voice from his dream.

* * *

><p>All through the exchange between the boy, his dragon and the eerie voice, the same pair of ebony coloured Ravens watched from amongst the grooves in the cliff side. The voice worried them. The time was coming sooner than they expected. They had to report to their master once again.<p>

Raising high on their jet black wings on the cold up draughts of air, they rose over the land and flew towards the sky.

* * *

><p>I hope you enjoyed this chapter. I tried to make it a little chilling when the voice in the crack was speaking. I may need some work though. I would really appreciate reviews, I would love to hear what you guys think of this story. Till next time.

3. Voice of Evil

I'm surprised by the amount of attention I'm getting from this story. I couldn't be happier, thank you everyone. I may change the rating later to M for themes of Horror, as I have some interesting stuff lined up. I remind you that this story is going to be dark, but it will have some fun times in it. Best stories take you on a roller coaster ride of emotions. I hope to achieve that in this story. Many of the emails mentioned the ravens, and I can tell some of you may have an inkling about what may happen, but I assure you, i'm going to surprise you ;) Please enjoy.

* * *

><p>Even though many Vikings were running towards the scene Toothless conjured up in his haste to get Hiccup away from that voice Hiccup still felt a nightmarish presence close by.<p>

He could feel the presence linger in the wake of his fear; it coiled in the shadows of his heart and soul, it resided wherever there was shadow. He sensed it from the shadows of the building, the shapes of the Vikings where the sunlight was slightly blocked out on the ground.

He could even feel it coming from the black scales of his dragon. In fact, that was where he sensed it right now.

With amazing but clumsy speed he rocketed off the back of his friend. He jumped away right into the arms of his father.

"No, no keep it away, make it go away!" Hiccup was frantic, he kicked out when Stoick held onto his shoulders, trying to detain the surprisingly strong boy.

Stoick was a brave man and many said that nothing ever scared the chief who seemed to have the heart of a lion. Although those close to him, like Gobber and his wife knew that he did in fact have a weakness. That weakness was his own son.

Stoick did not understand what was happening. He had never seen Hiccup this frantic, this scared, even when the dragon attacks still occurred. Never had even the monstrous nightmare that pinned him under his claw spooked the boy to this degree.

"Hiccup, HICCUP," he shouted trying to get the boy to hear his voice. It didn't appear to work as Hiccup wrenched himself away from his father's grip, but not before Stoick hooked his grip around the boy's wrist.

He was pointing towards Toothless, his arm shaking slightly. Toothless looked mortified; his ears were pinned down, his eyes wide and large and his mouth was clenched shut. If a dragon looked like it could cry then Toothless' expression looked like he would at any moment.

He didn't understand why Hiccup looked terrified of him and when he glanced around the Vikings were beginning to look slightly suspicious. Toothless was getting very nervous.

"He is there, I can hear it." Hiccup attempted to move again but

Stoick held him there, watching the black dragon with morbid fascination.

"What's wrong little Viking? Are you scared of me?" _The voice goaded with its silky voice.

Hiccups' eyes widened inexplicably right then. He stayed stock still in pure fright.

"I'm hurt that you fear me so much. It was you who called me here in the first place. All your doubts and fearâ€¦so un-viking like." _This time Toothless felt a chill ripple over his scales. His eyes narrowed into slits and then he roared. His mighty wings flared and he spun on the spot a few times.

The Vikings that had gathered ran off as soon as the dragon moved so suddenly. The situation was getting plain weird and Stoick was at the end of his tether.

"STOOOOOOOP!"

There was no movement from anyone. The shout was so loud and deep that all eyes, even the frightened boy and his dragon looked upon the face of their chief.

It didn't last long before both Hiccup and Toothless felt the thing sliver amongst them_. "I must leave now, but expect to be honoured with my presence again soon, Sweet Viking." _And with that they felt the weight of its chilling presence leave. Hiccup couldn't tell if it snuck away or slithered.

Hiccup gave out one last shiver before he sighed, relieved that it was gone. He ran over to a mortified looking black dragon, whose eyes remained wide, his shoulders hunched and his wings tucked close to his body.

Hiccup threw his arms around the Night Furies thick neck, hugging him close. "Hey it's ok now bud, it's gone. You have done nothing wrong, I'm sorry I scared you." He felt the rumble in his dragons' throat as he growled in acknowledgement of his boys' apology.

Hiccup had to turn and face his bewildered father who stood directly behind him, wanting an explanation by the fact his arms were crossed and his legs where about three feet across from each other.

Hiccup retreated from his now much calmer dragon, looked at his father. He tried to speak out but found he couldn't vice any words. His mouth simply hung open for a moment, perplexed about what to say.

What could he say?

Hiccup knew that these happenings were meant to be secret. He knew they were strange, heralding a bad omen.

But then he told his friends anyway, and then they didn't understand. Now his father and the rest of the village knew something was up. If his friends like Astrid and Fishlegs- who were part of the smarter minority in the village- couldn't grasp what was happening to him and that his nightmares were indeed very serious, how on earth was his

father going to understand?

"Come with me! Gobber!" Stoick escorted Hiccup inside the house whilst motioning his most trusted friend to follow. Gobber hobbled up on his wooden leg, his mouth still hanging open slightly from the events that previously unfolded.

Toothless also followed. He kept close to Hiccup offering his undying loyalty and protection to him. Stoick gently pushed Hiccup inside and kept the door open for Toothless and Gobber to follow inside. He shut the door quietly behind him.

"Now," Stoick walked over to his son and beckoned him towards the table that was situated off centre from the middle of the room where the fire pit was. The embers inside starting to die due to the lack of wood still offering fuel.

Everyone sat at the table with Toothless lying at next to where Hiccup sat. His head was down and his eyes looked troubled. He knew what was coming already.

A silence dissipated throughout the room, no one seemingly knowing what to say, but then, ever cheerful and knowing how to break a storm of emotions, Gobber spoke first.

"I know what happened seem strange in all ways, but is it really surprising that it involved Hiccup once again?"

"I can't help that," Hiccup seemed to break out from the spell he was under, his eyes glowed fierce, ready to battle this out, "everything going on, what just happened," his hands reached up to his red tinted brown locks, grasping some in his frustration, "it's been happening for a while now." His eyes turned downcast once again.

"What has? Please explain Hiccup, don't leave anything out." Stoick kept his voice level, knowing his son wasn't in the right state of mind for anything other than calm. Right now Hiccup was a torrent of negative emotions and Stoick really did not want to breach the storm wall he seemed to have built up.

Hiccup was never one to share his burdens and problems, resorting to bottling them up in an attempt to take care of them himself. This was why he kept his friendship with Toothless secret when they first met and why he wanted to protect Toothless when he learned the secret of the dragon queen.

Stoick put it upon himself ever since then to listen to his son, to actually 'hear' him.

"Please son, I will listen."

Hiccup took a deep breath and raised his eyes once again, looking about the table then at Toothless who had his eyes pinned on Hiccup. He was ready to retaliate if Hiccup was in danger.

"I have been having strange dreams every night." He murmured.

"Nightmares?" Stoick looked to Gobber who simply shrugged his shoulders.

"There was always a person speaking out from the shadows." Hiccup hugged himself, his eyes putting on a scary faraway look which couldn't quite breach the space in front of his face. It was like he was looking into his head. "The voice is menacing, but soft. I never quite heard what it was trying to say, but I know it's something evil."

"Can you see who was speaking in your dream?" Gobber asked, curious.

Hiccup broke from his trance, looking at Gobber. "No, never. The figure always kept to the shadows."

"So what was that all about out there? What did that have to do with your dream?" Stoick was feeling somewhat anxious now. Was his son going mad?

"The voiceâ€¦ I heard it for the first time, near the dragon academy." He suddenly looked scared again, Toothless growled. "It followed us here. I heard its voice coming from Toothless- but I knew it wasn't Toothless talking."

Stoick and Gobber shared worried glances, but Hiccup carried on talking.

"Not only that, the voice came from everywhere, anywhere with shadow."

"Hmm." Stoick thought. This information worried him. Not knowing what troubled his son, and the knowledge that there was something on his island, something unknown and dangerous, it troubled him deeply.

"Oh I'm sure we will find out what it is," Gobber broke the silence once again. He was exceedingly good at that. "Who knows, it could be a new dragon species, we just don't know, and also" he added looking at Hiccup, "it hasn't hurt you yet. Could be some kind of creature who likes to play pranks and cause mischief."

Hiccup looked at Gobber, seeing his sincere face. He cracked a smile, understanding what Gobber was getting at. He was simply trying to calm him, telling him everything was ok and that the thing in the shadows could be something friendly if tamed.

"Yeah, you're right." Hiccup scratched his scalp. "If anything I should be trying to find out whatever it is."

"Sure, now, do you want to show us where you heard this voice first of all?" Gobber was standing up, ready to check it out. Stoick followed him but rounded the table to his son, placing a hand on his shoulders.

"Please son, if something troubles you again, please tell us."

"Sure dad, and thanks. Both of you."

Hiccup knew he could trust them, but deep down he knew. He knew the knowledge that he could breathe fire was inhuman. Hel, he knew even dragons didn't breathe the kind of fire he could breathe.

It was strange, he could control it with his mind when he exhaled. He knew because he practiced, knowing a dangerous gift like that shouldn't be contained, but used so that it didn't endanger anyone through accident.

And deep down he felt that the fact he could breathe fire was linked to the thing that spoke to him from the darkness.

He knew by instinct that something was going to occur, and soon.

* * *

><p>Hiccup took his father and Gobber to the crack he first heard the silky voice. Even before they crossed the bridge he approached it with caution, pointing it out to the older men so that he didn't have to go first. Even Toothless seemed reluctant to near it once again.<p>

"Is this it?" Gobber announced cheerfully once they arrived. Hiccup had to suppress a giggle, trust Gobber to not heed his nervous body language and arrive at the scene of inexplicable happenings without wondering what could happen.

He walked right up to the crack, peering inside. Hiccup stayed close to Toothless after his father went to join Gobber. He too looked inside.

"I can see all the way through to the back," his father announced, "there is nothing there."

"Yeah, also it is only big enough for a Terrible Terror to enter. The entrance is too narrow for anything else."

"But when I looked before I couldn't see anything but shadow. I couldn't see anything past the entrance." Hiccup bucked up the courage to look himself. With his father, Gobber and Toothless there with him he knew nothing would happen.

That didn't stop him approaching the crack with a wary air of caution.

Gobber was tapping on it with his metal hand prosthetic, going with the logic that if anything was still in there by chance it would be disturbed by the incessant tapping. He put his ear to the cliff face, listening hard for anything. When he heard nothing he retreated.

"Anything Gobber?" Stoick asked. Hiccup hoped he would say no. He didn't want the voice to return.

"Nah, nothing, must have left for its own nest."

"But it followed us to the village." Hiccup shrieked.

"If anything was there someone else would have seen it." Stoick sighed, rubbing his temple. "I will ask around the village, see if anyone noticed something strange."

Hiccup still didn't look convinced but when he saw his father's serious look he stood down, accepting the proposal.

Stoick bent down onto his knee so that he was level with Hiccups eyes. He noticed how tired the young boy looked. He placed both hands on his shoulders.

"Go home and get some sleep. Don't worry about the shop for today."

Hiccup was about to complain but he felt toothless nudge his back, telling him to go through with it.

"Ok."

Hiccup turned around and went back home. Now that his adrenaline had gone down he did in fact feel extremely drained. The thought of sleep did seem like a good idea even if those nightmares came back. He was just so tired.

He went straight home, his bed the only thing on his mind. Toothless being his ever loyal guardian dragon. Hiccup felt so happy to have him by his side. Whatever happened he knew Toothless would be there for moral support or actual help when things got dicey.

Entering his home he made a beeline for the stairs and ultimately his bed. The house was now slightly cold, the fire practically gone. He didn't care, he simply shifted the covers over himself and fell asleep in a matter of minutes.

Toothless never left his side.

* * *

><p>Hiccup slept all that day, all through the night and well into the morning. He wasn't visited by any dreams and he was thankful for that down to the bottom of his heart.<p>

He sat up, giving out a great contented yawn. He opened his bleary eyes, the first thing he saw was an excited Toothless who was shaking with anticipation, his pupils squared in happiness.

Hiccup took a moment to collect his thoughts. He blinked the tiredness from his eyes and then opened them up fully. A moment of blariness but then they actually did their job and focussed.

Hiccup saw the sunlight streaming in from the shutters and lighting up some of Toothless' obsidian scales, making them glint like goldstone in the gentle light.

"Alright there bud," Hiccup felt so much better now than he did. He had to wonder how long he actually slept for because now he felt fully rested and much less tired for patience. The blariness in his eyes was completely gone and his mind felt fully refreshed. His body also felt rejuvenated, as if he jumped into the cool sea when Berk was visited by a rare hot sunny day.

"Wanna' go flying bud?" Immediately Hiccup was pounced on by an ecstatic dragon who licked his face in boundless joy. Toothless must have been relieved to see Hiccup so healthy and happy now.

"Ohh, man, you know that stuff doesn't wash out!" He had to wipe the

globules of slobber off his face before he jumped out of bed; only he forgot that he wasn't wearing his prosthetic. His father must have taken it off after he fell asleep.

"Ow. Thanks a lot dad." He grunted with his face on the floorboards. Toothless made a rumbling sound in his throat, wondering if the boy was ok. Toothless shifted his tail around so that he could pick the boy up. Hiccup took the tail gratefully and hoisted himself up.

"I'm fine, thanks bud." Hiccup rushed to dress, attach his metal leg and leave his room. Once he reached downstairs he noticed his father wasn't there. He also noticed the room was pretty cold too. He looked to the fire pit seeing that the flames inside were glowing a very weak orange.

Hiccup neared it, noticing there was about half a charred log left. He wanted to come home to a warm house when he returned.

He promptly went over to the wood store at the back of the house, rummaging through the wood for the best pieces and scurrying back with them to the middle of the room. Toothless watched from beside the fire pit.

Hiccup placed the wood inside gingerly. Once the wood was inside he brought two fingers to his lips, placing the tips just below his slightly parted lips.

Before anything he made a quick glance to every corner of the house before he gently blew air from his lips. Soon enough that air he breathed out was joined by the glittering golden flames he was growing accustomed to.

The fire was soft and beautiful to behold. It was calm because Hiccup wished them to be calmly expelled from his body. He held his hand out, collecting them in mid-air with two open palms.

The flames were strange. They glowed with heat, he could feel the extreme heat on his face and body, it pulsed like a dragon's heart, but the flames didn't burn his hand when they made contact. They felt soft and velvety; like mouse fur.

Carefully he placed golden flames down onto the wood where they engulfed the wood completely; because Hiccup wished them to. They changed from their striking gold to the usual orange and blue glare of a normal pit fire.

Hiccup smiled and Toothless warbled happily. He knew it was good that Hiccup accepted the strange ability; he was happy when Hiccup was happy.

Hiccup then gestured for Toothless to follow. They left for the workshop, the place Hiccup kept the saddle, harness and flight suit.

It was time to practice the suit for real, high up in the clouds in a realm close to Asgard.

* * *

><p>And there we are. Hiccup is now feeling loads better. I

want to keep the characters as much in 'character' as possible, but with fanfics that may not happen 100% of the time. If any of you are wondering this story takes place between the first and second film. I want a mix of both movie characters and characters from the tv series, so please tell me who you want featured. Before you say it, I have plans for Valka to be featured in the future. It may be a while though, but please be patient.

4. The drop

****I know that my chapters come in fast at the beginning but knowing me they will slow down after about four chapters. Please give me a nudge if I become slow. Please enjoy.****

* * *

><p>In a rush to be within the sky once again Hiccup sped to rig Toothless up with the saddle and manufactured tail. Hiccup speedily placed them on with practiced hands. Due to the fact the tail fin was made by himself he could take it off and put it back on as if it was second nature to do so. Toothless never had to be patient.<p>

Once Toothless was ready to go Hiccup hastily changed cloths, pulling the brown leather flight suit over his lithe frame. Once he belted it up he checked the function of the hooks, harness and whether the 'wings' would easily come out.

Once he deemed everything in working order the boy and his dragon rushed outside to be met with bright, crisp winter air. There was a cold but gentle breeze blowing from the east which ruffled hiccup's brown locks as it swept through.

Hiccup breathed in the fresh air feeling jovial and ready for anything. Thick condensation came back out from his mouth as if he could breathe ice as well as fire.

Hiccup vaulted onto Toothless' back, hooked himself on and then they were off. Hiccup clicked the tail fin in place for an easy ascent.

For hours they stayed in the sky, feeling the rush of wind and the freedom that came with it. The sun beat down onto their backs, warming hearts that seemed to soar like the Kittiwakes that caught the updrafts from the cliffs.

Often between the bouts of tricks they expertly performed in beautiful synchronisation, they would find themselves gliding along casually, feeling the gentle caress of the wind on their face, ruffling hair or fleshy frills.

"Hey bud, isn't this the way to live?" Hiccup had his face pointed towards the heavens, his arms out and his eyes closed, just feeling rather than seeing for the moment. Toothless rumbled in agreement.

There was barely a cloud in the sky. The Azure blue stretched far into the horizon signalling a bright, beautiful day.

Hiccup changed the setting once again so that they could ascend

higher. The black dragon caught on instantly, beating his massive wings and swinging his tail in a manner akin to a dolphin propelling its body through the currents.

Toothless ascended almost vertically, shooting straight up towards the low sun. It was now afternoon and the waves took on a sunny yellow glow. It was only October, not yet winter, but due to being far north the days were shorter. The night would roll in soon so Hiccup decided now was his last chance to actually try out the flight suit.

Once he was in the air he got a little apprehensive about using it, but now he thought it was now or never.

Toothless performed a few barrel rolls, flips and freefalls before Hiccup deemed it time.

"Okay bud, this is the moment of truth," he bent his back slightly so that he could rub his dragons side, "are you ready for this?"

Toothless simply rumbled, saying it was ok and that he trusted the Vikings judgement. Hiccup set the tail to the position Toothless used for gliding horizontally through the air.

"Okay bud, this is it. On three. Two...", and with that he slid from saddle, plummeting towards the deep dark ocean.

Hiccup yelled in absolute glee. The thrill of dropping from high in the air acted like a drug to his system. The adrenaline pounding in his head releasing Endorphins. The adrenaline coursed through his veins, being pumped in his blood.

Hiccup felt too excited to breathe for a moment. Since he left the saddle he struggled to take in a breath; although after a few seconds he took that wondrous intake of oxygen, feeling elated even though he was falling.

Suddenly Hiccup felt a rumble in the air, signifying the presence of his friend, who tucked his wings close to his body to follow the small boy. They were now level.

Hiccup could see Toothless, grinning in the same manner Hiccup was. He could see the happiness in the reptile's yellow-green eyes.

However that fleeting moment of happiness ended when they were joined by 'it.'

The thing came apparently from nowhere. It seemed to be all around them, enclosing their senses in a sly, silky voice. It unsettled both boy and dragon.

"What are you doing Hiccup? Trying to act like a dragon now? Hah, that's so ironic. The boy who couldn't become a real Viking becoming a dragon. I can see the direction this story is heading towards."_

The voice slunk away after that with cackles of laughter that ringed in Hiccups brain.

Hiccup lost balance then. He couldn't even bring the flight suits wings out before he flipped in the air, falling with his back towards the sea.

Toothless roared and beat his wings when the boy fell slightly out of reach from the dark grey claws.

Hiccup was screaming now, his arms flailing trying in vain to right himself. He flipped again but couldn't control his descent. The ocean waves were coming closer and closer. Hiccup thought then that the ocean depths were going to become the sight of his grave.

He knew he was only seconds from seeing Helheim's gates.

Meanwhile Toothless was becoming frantic for he too was losing control slightly. He had to focus hard so that he wouldn't steer off course, otherwise it would mean the death of them both. Hitting sea from dropping at their height would ultimately be similar to hitting hard earth.

He roared, straining his body, his arms outstretched as far as they could go. Hiccup was only inches away, his terrified face looking deep into the dragons. His eyes revealed the fear contained within them, but that wasn't the only thing the dragon could see there.

Hiccup was resigned to their fate.

They were now metres from the water, as close to Helheim as one could get before death.

* * *

><p>Astrid was flying a circuit of the island on her dragon Stormfly. It was late afternoon by now and the waves were cast with a golden glow.<p>

She was searching for Hiccup. For a while now she was simply checking all around the island under the request of his father, who told Astrid a storm was brewing out to sea and his son really needed to come back in before it hit.

Astrid being the resourceful girl she was had rounded up the other teens in the hopes of speeding up the search. Luckily they all agreed easily and left on their own dragons.

The beautiful blue dragon with mottled yellow and pink scales flew daintily on the cool air currents. Astrid watched the sky closely, hoping to spot the elusive duo.

By now the wind was picking up slightly, heralding the approach of the storm. Astrid looked out to sea and saw a blanket of Cumulo nimbus clouds closing in. They were black and looked ridiculously moody.

She only hoped Hiccup would break from the spell of flying and actually notice them. She knew Hiccup, although the smartest Viking in possibly the whole of the archipelago, was a complete airhead, and wouldn't notice something like that until it was too late.

"C'mon Stormfly, let's check further out to sea. I have a funny feeling!" The dragon chirped in acknowledgement and with a slight beat of wings, changed course.

It wasn't long before she was joined by the others, who by an uncanny twist of fate, all decided to look out to sea too.

It was like something was telling them to look out there.

"Astrid!"

Astrid heard her name being called, seeing Fishlegs on his Gronckle Meatlug. The dragon was hovering over less than calm water much like a hummingbird with her tongue hanging out.

Astrid brought her Nadder in close so that she could hear him better over the building wind.

"Have you seen them?" She shouted over to him.

"Yeah, I spotted them out to sea towards the west of the island. They were really high up." He pointed towards the other side of the island, past the sea stacks.

"Good job Fishlegs. Let's go." They both turned, heading towards the direction Fishlegs was previously pointing in.

As they sped through the air Astrid heard the beating of two more sets of wings. She knew that the twins and Snotlout had joined, evidently heading in the same direction. She knew now they just wanted something to do.

"Hey Astrid, was wondering if you needed the help of the toughest, most striking Viking here." Astrid turned her sea blue eyes towards the Viking who sat amongst the horns of a flaming red Monstrous Nightmare. Hookfang was blowing smoke from his nostrils as he flew, which blew straight into Snotlout's face.

Astrid giggled when the boy started to cough.

"Hey, no fair Hookfang, you're ruining my tough jock exterior." He waved his hands around, trying to shift the smoke. The dragon growled in amusement. Snotlout pouted.

"You don't have an exterior," Tuffnut spoke from one of the Zipplebacks' heads, the head called Belch, "at least, not a tough one."

"C'mon guys, let's not begin to argue. We have a mission here." Astrid took it upon herself to break the argument before it became sour.

"Whatever you say gorgeous." Snotlout winked at her. Astrid ignored the gesture.

Shortly they were passing over the massive sea stacks; the trees sat upon them like a crown growing darker in the now setting sun. The waves were building up near the coast. The stacks looked like the

swords of Viking warriors fending off the wrath of the opposing army, the spray acting like the blood of the enemy.

Once they crested over them they hit open water.

Immediately Astrid spotting something. It was dark and a little ways off. She then heard a high pitched shriek that sounded a little like a

"Look!" Ruffnut pointed towards the sky.

Astrid knew then what it was. Not only was there one blob falling but there was also a smaller blob falling just a little out of reach of the larger one.

It was Hiccup and Toothless, and they were falling towards the sea, fast.

"Stormfly, Hurry!" The Nadder didn't need telling twice. She flapped her wings fiercely, speeding towards the flailing boy and dragon like a bat out of Hel.

"Come on guys, we need to help." Snotlout shouted to the others, spurring Hookfang on to follow the Nadder with equal speed. The others flowed without any hesitation.

Fishlegs, being on a slower dragon was pulling behind slightly. He watched the events that occurred with wide eyes.

From what he could see Hiccup was falling with his back to the water, his arms trailing away from his shoulders. He had stopped flailing now.

Toothless however was flapping his wings, not only trying to catch the boy but also to keep balanced. However it was a losing battle and Toothless looked almost as resigned as Hiccup did.

They were metres from the water now. Astrid could see that. But she was so close. Snotlout was just behind. They needed to intercept efficiently if this would work.

Ten metres from the water, Astrid was about fifteen metres away from them.

Seven, they were coming in close, but not quite there.

Five metres, Hiccup closed his eyes for what he believed was the final time.

Two metres, Stormfly could almost touch the boy.

One metre, Hiccup felt something latch on to his middle in a firm grasp.

Stormfly veered sharply, allowing Hookfang to also intercept. This time Hookfangs' talons closed in around the Night Furies tail.

Because the Night Fury was that much heavier than the small Viking boy he dragged the red dragon down, but the fall was softened by a

large degree. When both dragons hit the waves Toothless came out unscathed.

Meanwhile Stormfly ascended with the light boy. Hiccup still had his eyes clenched closed with his heart running a marathon inside his chest cavity. He was shaking terribly and the sensation of gaining height so rapidly after his fall made his stomach flip.

Without him helping it he threw up a little. Luckily hardly anything came up as he hadn't eaten anything all day.

Hiccup opened his eyes when he heard the shrieking of a couple of dragons coming from the direction of the sea.

"Toothless," he mumbled with a vile taste of bile in his mouth.

Astrid veered Stormfly around so that they could hover over the two dragons and single boy who were rolling about amongst the waves. Sea water was flying everywhere in a flurry of spray and flailing wings.

Hookfang shot out suddenly on powerful wing beats, beating the tension of the water's surface. Along with himself and his rider he also grasped on more firmly to Toothless, grasping the Night Fury around the middle. His wings hung a little, almost dejected like.

Hiccup saw this and sighed, deeply grateful to his friends. That was too close. He was sure his friends would have to try and drag their dead bodies back to Berk. At least they were there if the worst did happen.

"Hiccup, are you okay?" Hiccup looked up and saw both Astrid and Stormfly looking at him worriedly.

"I'm fine." Hiccups eyes were still wide, his pupils still dilated in fright. He couldn't really say anything else at the moment so Astrid simply nudged her dragon's side, telling her to return to the village.

* * *

><p>Hiccup was immensely grateful to his friends for saving their lives. Once he checked Toothless was okay, seeing that the only thing wrong was that a couple of harnesses and the chord that connected to the tail fin had snapped- everything else was perfectly fine, had ran up to Astrid to give her a grateful and sincere hug.<p>

Whist he was hugging her she could still feel the small frightened shudders coursing through his body. Even now he was still feeling the effects of the fall.

She warmly snaked her hands around the boy's thin waist, hugging him close. She could only imagine how frightening the fall must have been for both rider and dragon. After a short while the shudders abated and Hiccup slowly recoiled.

"Again, thank you so much. All of you." He added to the assembled teens. He smiled his trademark crooked smile at them, no longer

scared.

Astrid smiled back; knowing to the boy that an event like that was simply now water under the bridge. She knew he would once again attempt whatever he was doing again in a heartbeat. That was one of the things Astrid found herself attracted to; his boldness and lion heart. Those were the virtues he inherited from his father.

Before he left to take care of Toothless he gave Astrid a quick peck on the lips and then turned about quickly. As Astrid watched him leave for the forge her face retained a small blush of rose pink. Her heart did a little flutter in happiness. That was the first time the boy ever initiated a kiss.

She felt that even the approaching storm wouldn't put a dampener on her elated mood.

* * *

><p>The storm came, but would not leave.<p>

The storm was the fiercest anyone had ever known. It was like Thor was waging war on Midgard. The roiling storm clouds unleashed a torrent of rain and hail that blitzed the earth like a Night Furies plasma blast.

Some hail stones were so large they actually punched holes in thinner sheets of metal and wood. At one point Meatlug thought a larger hailstone was a rock, devouring it but then not being able to use it as a fireball later as it melted in her cauldron like stomach.

The wind came and never left, bringing forth dire storm surges. The docks were now entirely gone, swept away on the second day of the storm. The ships moored there must have been torn to pieces.

The people of the village were becoming greatly unsettled and deemed it not safe to stay in their houses. They, the farm animals and all the dragons that lived on Berk congregated in the great hall, waiting out the storm.

It was a squeeze to get everyone in, but not uncomfortably so. Most people cuddled up with their family members and dragons to sleep, trying to block out the loud booms of thunder that ricochet within the dark heavens.

By now the ground outside was littered with singed patches of grass and ground where the lightning struck. The air outside was tense even with the pouring rain and no one wanted to leave the safety of the great hall.

Every time the thunder roared the animals gave out frightened cries, causing their owners to constantly try and coax them back to calmness. Often owners of chickens had to run through the great hall, trying to round them up, much to the delight of the lesser scared children And the Terrible Terrors, who flapped about in an excited frenzy.

Near the back of the great hall was Hiccup, sat on the floor with Toothless curled around him. Their faces set in stone; a fierce gaze, looking at nothing in particular. Hiccup taught himself to ignore the

sounds of the thunder and rain. He taught himself to wait it out so that he could fly with Toothless once again in the calm that came after the storm.

This time they sat there in silence, blocking out the muttering of the villagers and the growl of dragons. They heard nothing, only silence.

Instead they could feel the presence of two great entities clashing violently in the skies above them.

* * *

><p>I should warn you that this will not be a pairing with Hiccup and Toothless, their bond is simply friendship of the most extreme kind (the kind you would risk your life for) Hope you liked this instalment and thank you to those who review, fave and follow.

5. The necklace

**Sorry it took me longer to update this chapter, I'm just very lazy most of the time. **

To you Matt. Thank you for the review. In all honesty I forgot about Gothi until you mentioned her. Hope this tides you over.

I also had many reviewers saying how creepy the voice is. Thanks a bunch. As the author this voice doesn't sound all that creepy really. :/

** Please enjoy this enstalment.**

* * *

><p>"Can you feel it bud?" Hiccup asked suddenly to the watching dragon.<p>

Toothless turned expectant eyes onto his rider, his head tilted to the side with his ears perked up. In all honesty someone would have thought Toothless resembled a big black rabbit, what with his expressive eyes and ears.

Hiccup gestured with his eyes, looking straight up seemingly through the rock roof of the mountain. He was looking towards the sky.

"I can feel an itch in my lungs, as if my fire has allowed smoke to pollute my system. I can feel the rumble in my bones." Hiccup giggled when he saw Toothlesses worried face, "Ha-ha, listen to me bud. I'm turning into a poet."

Hiccup exhaled loudly, leaning back further into the dark dragon's side.

Hiccup felt the calmest near Toothless. He supposed it was all down to being such a loner all his life; not having much experience talking to others his age or anyone really. Even conversations with his father were forced and awkward.

This meant Hiccup became socially inept; tiding with the fact he was shunned all his life, Hiccup couldn't express his thoughts and worries even though he actually had a few good ideas. Hiccup had thoughts without a voice. This was worrying if he was to become chief. This along with his size and stature was a real worry for his father.

Hiccup is a loner by nature; it was forced on him when living in a village that saw him as a nuisance for fifteen years, and he had to cope with life mostly on his own.

Gobber was usually the only one who saw him as something more; although Hiccup used to think it was only because he was a blacksmiths apprentice and had skilled hands, but deep down he knew Gobber was always fond of the small boy. Hiccup was immensely grateful for that.

But then, since the demise of the red death Hiccup was suddenly granted the respect of a great chief, often with people seeking his aid and advice on matters involving dragons.

Not only that but with invaders such as the outcasts and berserkers on the ocean horizon the villagers looked to Hiccup to send them away when things got dicey. Hiccup was a fair tactician and seemed to almost foresee who event would play out. Many people began to wonder how they didn't see the real Hiccup for so long.

People finally began to understand that Hiccup was gifted with a brilliant mind and brave soul, rather than physical strength and battle courage.

But now, when Hiccup wanted to escape he simply looked for the comfort of Toothless. Hiccup was glad for the presence of a being who couldn't speak, but could understand, and would listen well. Toothless always listened, always lending a comforting wing.

Hiccup retreated into his mind once again, thinking of the storm raging outside.

After the events of the past few weeks Hiccup began to wonder why all these strange things were happening to him. The fire breathing, the storm, he shuddered, and the voice. Did those events tie together?

As Hiccup was mulling over these events he didn't notice the presence of a certain elderly lady with a hunched over back and large owlsh eyes shuffle over.

Toothless gave Hiccup a nudge with his wing causing the boy to look up to see the village elder, Gothi, stood before him.

Even though Hiccup was sat down and Gothi stood up she still wasn't taller than Berks smallest teen.

Hiccup looked into her owl like eyes with his green forest eyes, waiting for what the old woman had to say. Even though she was now mute she had much wisdom, and was a woman who took many peoples burdens and turned them around, giving them advice of the spiritual kind.

After everything that had happened Hiccup now felt foolish about not giving an hour out of his time to go and see her. It got to that point that the witch actually went to see him herself. She must have known something was up and that made Hiccup worried.

They looked at each other for a while, neither making any sounds or any moves. Even Toothless remained still.

Breaking the spell of silence she shuffled right up to Hiccup, placing her hand on his forehead. Hiccup blinked and lifted his back away from Toothless so that he could sit up.

Hiccup saw her close her eyes for a few fleeting moments before Hiccup jerked suddenly, seeing a shadow flash across his vision.

Gothi stood back, placing analytical eyes on the young man. She watched in interest as Hiccup stared wide eyed and Toothless began to growl.

Hiccup looked from Toothless to the old woman. "Did you sense something bud?" Toothless growled in response. Hiccup then turned back to Gothi.

"Do you know what is going on? What these nightmare mean? What about the voice? I keep hearing thisâ€¦" Gothi shushed him with a wave of her stick, ceasing his babbling. Hiccup shut his mouth, waiting.

Gothi then proceeded to pluck a scale from Toothlesses arm, causing him to growl in warning. The old woman did it so quickly and unsuspectedly that Hiccup had to whirl around to see why Toothless was angry.

Gothi ignored the dragon, clicking her fingers and calling over one of her many Terrible Terrors. A deep emerald green one with flaming orange spines scuttled over, his inquisitive yellow eyes wondering how it could aid the old woman.

She placed the scale that resembled blue goldstone onto the stone floor in front of Hiccup. She beckoned the Terror over clicking her hand in a specific way. The Terror got the message and unleashed a small jet of red flames.

The flames engulfed the scale, turning them the same colour as the mighty Night Furies powerful purple plasma blast.

Hiccup and Toothless watched in wonder. Hiccup barely breathed he was so curious and Toothless was silent as well.

Suddenly the flames erupted, turning a bright glittering gold before they extinguished in the blink of an eye.

Hiccup was speechless. Those flames were familiar to him and it seemed he wasn't the only human who knew about them.

"You know..." he murmured, worried. He couldn't finish the sentence, he was speechless. How does the old woman know?

She nodded, confirming his suspicions. She also pointed to the scale.

She looked at it, looking rather morbid. Hiccup could see something strange in her face. He started when he followed the gaze of her irises and looked at the scale.

There, on the scale was some kind of etching. It wasn't an etching Hiccup recognised, but it was a type of symbol he was familiar with. It was a god symbol.

The symbol was presented in amazing clarity. The scale being a rather large one, about the size of Hiccup's palm, revealed a depiction of a Night Fury with the body and wings wrapped around a golden flame. The dragon was black and glowing slightly with a vague midnight blue light. The flame glowed gold; but the glow was slightly stronger.

Etched within the centre of the flame was a few tiny inscribed Germanic Runes which said 'heed all beasts.'

Gingerly Hiccup picked it up. He laid it to rest within his small palm, looking upon it with a face that revealed a mix of fear and awe.

Hiccup tore his gaze away when Gothi tugged her own necklace, shaking all the charms about. Hiccup got the message. Keep it safe. The woman handed the boy a string of red leather. Hiccup nodded and took the string gratefully.

He placed the scale close to his heart with a grave face. "Will I ever know what all of this means?"

The woman smiled, nodding that he would; the emerald Terror mimicking her nod. As they spoke Hiccup didn't notice the buzz of voices or the fact people and dragons were actually leaving the great hall.

Hiccup stood up, noticing the light of dawn creeping through the massive wooden doors. The chirrup of bird song singing from outside.

Hiccup nodded to the elderly Viking and walked out with Toothless into what was the aftermath of a really terrible storm.

The day itself was glorious, the sun was bright and the snow completely gone. The clouds of the storm were now far into the horizon, their wrath completely spent. A brisk breeze was blowing through the wreckage that the storm created.

Many of the houses still stood, but many were damaged. Some worse than others; but there were a few unfortunate buildings that didn't survive at all and the owners could be seen kneeling before them looking angry and upset.

Due to the dragon attacks of the past the Vikings were used to the aftermath of a destructive fire; often with the results of their house burning down to the ground. These Vikings were used to the aftermath of any kind of destruction.

And destruction it was. Berk resembled the carnage of a war siege. The desolation spread all the way to the harbour. Hiccup also knew that the forest wouldn't have escaped the ferocity of the storm.

Hiccup walked through the village, mindful of the dark spots of lightning struck earth. Some still smoked, the ground superheated in the millionth of a second it took for supercharged particles to sizzle the ground.

"That's the real offspring of lightning and death itself." Hiccup muttered to no one really.

He turned when he heard the sound of boots behind him. Astrid was stood there with Stormfly also looking upon the carnage with a worried face.

"That was quite a storm, huh?" She said.

"Yeah, it's gonna' take a while to salvage everything here. We will have to put off dragon training for a while so that we can help with the reconstruction."

"Sure thing." She tucked some of her blonde strands behind her ear. Hiccup could tell she wasn't finished. "Oh right, how are you? You didn't look too good last night. Your demeanour was so dark that the others wouldn't even approach you. You looked like you needed some space."

Hiccup, who was scratching behind Toothless' ears, stopped to answer the question with a smile on his face.

"Yeah, I was. I had a load of stuff to think about." 'I still have a load of stuff to think about. Nothing is clear yet.' He added to himself.

"Everything all right now?" Hiccup could tell that Astrid knew he was hiding things. The boy knew he must have been a terrible actor but he smiled nonetheless, keeping those secrets. 'Gods I'm a selfish person, keeping these things to myself all the time.'

"I'm fine." He said it to himself as much as the blonde girl. Astrid simply nodded, knowing she wasn't going to relinquish anything from the stubborn boy.

Once they said goodbye Hiccup and Toothless walked towards the smithy, seeing what they could salvage in the wreckage. Once he got there he was in for a surprise, seeing it wasn't too badly damaged.

Gobber was already there, checking out what could and couldn't be saved. He hobbled through on his wooden leg, lifting things up and placing things back on their hooks.

"Ah Hiccup, feeling a little less moody now? Good!" He didn't even turn around when the boy and dragon wondered in.

Hiccup stifled a giggle, knowing Gobber to make light of a person's moods.

"Any tools still usable?" He asked.

"Well, as many as could possibly be still hanging around after a storm like that one, but yeah, there are still many. Just have to

find them is all."

For hours after that small conversation the two Vikings and dragon spent it cleaning the place up so that it was in working order as soon as possible. It would be important for the rebuilding of Berk village.

Hiccup would shift pieces of wood, getting Toothless to carry them out in his jaws and then running back in with his tongue hanging out and panting like a dog. Hiccup laughed watching his friend helping. Toothless could make fun out of any situation, he thought.

By sundown the shop was mostly tidied out. The Smithy was cleaned and the fire relighted in the forge. Hiccup had organised all the tools and Gobber made a note of the number of hammers, chisels and whatnot that survived the storm.

Many wooden handles for tools would have to be replaced, but that would be a job for the next day. By the end of it Gobber was rather tired so he bid Hiccup goodbye and left the boy to his own devices.

Now Hiccup could do what he was itching to do all day. He wanted to use the leather thong Gothi gave to him to create a necklace for the scale with the god symbol etched on it. It would be the safest option; Hiccup didn't want it lying around as Gothi said it was of great importance. He didn't know why it was important yet, he just knew it was.

Using deft and experienced fingers he managed to cleanly punch a small hole through the top of the rock hard scale; all the while taking heed of the beautiful etching.

He threaded the crimson string through carefully and then tied the two ends together. He looked at it before placing it over his neck, thinking.

"I don't think a simple knot will be safe enough. What do you think bud?" Hiccup showed his handiwork to his dragon, who sniffed it then rumbled. His face saying 'do what you will.'

For a majority of the night Hiccup worked on making two small metal clasps that could be securely tied on each end of the thread and then securely fastened to each other. Being the avid artist that he is Hiccup used a sharp tool to etch into the silvery alloy pictures of different species of dragons.

The work was difficult, working on such a small canvas. Hiccup was glad for small, dainty fingers as he drew in the bodies of a Night Fury, a Monstrous Nightmare and Gronckle on one of the clasps, and then on the other he drew on a Hideous Zippleback, A Deadly Nadder and A Terrible Terror.

Once he was done he marvelled at his handy work; seeing the beautiful little silver alloy clasps with the dragon line art etched in. The clasps were expertly attached to the red leather.

Hiccup handed it over to Toothless to observe; who looked at it and warbled his acceptance of the piece. Hiccup promptly tied it around his neck, hiding the scale underneath his clothing.

Without realising it Hiccup had worked into the early hours of the morning, but knew he couldn't return to his home. He noticed before that his home had a few great rifts in the architecture and would be cold and uncomfortable.

Hiccup decided to stay in the forge for the remainder of the night. He cuddled up with Toothless near the fire and then drifted off to sleep within minutes.

All the while not realising that a different kind of storm was brewing far off on the horizon.

* * *

><p>Sorry that not much happens in this chapter, but obviously you need breaks from action. I know not much is revealed in this chapter, but hopefully you have realised some things. This story will be influenced by Norse gods and legends. It is fascinating me at the moment and I want to share this fanfiction with you. Next chapter will herald some interesting stuff (hopefully) Please remember to review and fave and I shall see you next time.

6. Messages

Yay, its done, the next one is out. I'm really on a role with this story. Enjoy.

* * *

><p>Hiccup and Toothless flew over the ocean underneath a freezing cold sky. The boy had made sure to wrap a large fur around himself before he set off; although the wind still found itself through, chilling him slightly.<p>

The clouds were closing in fast, releasing a few snowflakes which fluttered down through the air. There was zero wind, so the progress of the dragon over the calm sea was neither hindered nor facilitated.

With the blanket of cloud and snowfall the sun was getting obscured. Hiccup breathed deeply and silently urged Toothless to turn back and head for home. He changed the setting on the tail so that the fins raised up slightly, allowing the dragon to turn.

He banked widely, the still air keeping his body level as he beat his wings in one powerful thrust and sped off home.

This evening's watch heralded no problems of any kind from across the sea, whether it meant dragon sightings or Viking invaders. After the storm Stoick ordered any eligible dragon rider to watch around their waters, keeping watchful eyes on their home during their vulnerability.

Luckily there was nothing.

This was the last day since the storm over a week ago where the village was practically as good as new; much to the relief of the young man's father who was run ragged over the stressful

days.

Hiccup knew it was a humungous help enlisting the help of the fire breathing reptiles that now lived with them in almost complete harmony.

"A quiet evening again Bud. Thank Thor for that!" The boy said to his dragon offhandedly.

They were a little ways out to sea, the mountains of Berk the only thing visible on the horizon line. Hiccup reached into his furs to extract the scale belonging to his best friend. He gazed upon the etching, still wondering what it meant. He placed two fingers over the smooth, shiny surface.

Whenever the teenager was away from the prying eyes of humans he would look at the scale. It was a trinket he hadn't shown to another soul. The only others being Toothless, Gothi and her little Terrible Terror.

He felt that the importance of the scale was too great and didn't want any others to know about it. The secrets kept on piling up, the heap soon turning into a mountain. He knew it was only a matter of time before it toppled, his secrets bursting forth like gems within the mountains slopes.

When it did, he knew there was going to be a price to pay. Just the thought of that struck fear into the young lad's heart. It was a stark, unequivocal truth that would have to be faced one day.

Although he felt that he was keeping a secret from everyone he didn't truly know what it was. The fire breathing was one thing, but the scale? He knew it tied in with the fire breathing. But what was that voice?

Hiccup was joyous that it hadn't spoken to him in a while, but he knew it would return. It was a gut feeling he had. Like the feeling of dragon wings fluttering within his belly constantly, gnawing at him.

After all the months of dealing with Outcasts and Berserkers, Hiccup felt worried about seeing their crazy chiefs again, wondering how long they had in between disputes before the next one reared its ugly head. His dealings with Alvin and Dagur were nothing compared to the voice.

Even the Red Death was like dealing with a Terrible Terror. At least he knew what it was. He knew it was simply a controlling, old dragon whose only purpose in life was to be fed like a giant, ugly baby.

He also knew what the crazy Viking chiefs were like, how they thought, almost. Sure Alvin was tricky, calculating and powerful, and Dagur was all out bonkers and spontaneous; the voice was plain ominous.

Hiccup felt it was something ancient, evil and far bigger than anything he has ever faced before. It was a force that could drive a man mad, drive them into despair and drill the fear into their soul whilst it watched in happiness and laughter.

Hiccup wouldn't let it though. He was going to prove to himself that he held a dignified, powerful bravery in his heart; a bravery befitting of the son of a great Viking chief.

Toothless hummed in his throat and beat his wings as Berk was nearing. Hiccup saw the stacks approaching and changed the setting on the tail so that they sailed around them before they headed for the village.

Hiccup was glad to be home now as his stomach was beginning to complain about his apparent hunger. After the storm his appetite came back like a kick in the stomach. Often enough he felt so hungry he could spend the time eating almost as much as his own body weight during each sitting.

Once they landed Hiccup immediately walked towards his house so that he could once again eat his fill before falling asleep.

Even though he was so hungry he spent the time taking Toothless gear off so that he was comfortable during the night.

Once that task was accomplished they both ran from the forge, up the hill and into the house. They bounded in, Hiccup giggling in good spirits for once. Once they arrived in the house Toothless immediately pounced on the boy, trapping him under his fore paws as Hiccup laughed and attempted to shift the heavy black dragon.

"Son, if you wish to wrestle do it somewhere else." Stoick said whilst he prepared the both of them something to eat.

"Ha haâ€|sorry dadâ€|he he- TOOTHLESS!" He screeched when a long, sopping wet tongue lolled from the dragons rounded face and licked Hiccup from the base of his throat right up to his chin. "Eww, gross," he giggled with his nose wrinkled slightly in disgust.

Hiccup tried to push the paws so that he could get away from that sloppy tongue but Toothless was adamant about staying on his human. As Hiccup was getting a little closer to wriggling free Toothless completely dropped his weight over his boy, causing Hiccup to let out all the breath in his lungs. He groaned hard.

"That looks rough son. It's thankful we made peace with the dragons otherwise you would be in a dire situation." Stoick laughed as he took some mackerel off the fire and laid them out on the table.

"Thanks for that dad. It's comforting to know I would have likely died during a raid."

As Stoick sat at the table he watched his son attempt to get out from under the dragon. He saw arms flail, and then they grasped each side of the dragons face. The dragon then proceeded to open his jaws, wrenching the hands away and then gave the boy a single lick that left globules of saliva in its wake.

Hiccup clenched his lips closed and stared at Toothless with wide eyes. He could feel the gunk on his face and it made him shiver. He pushed Toothless away with great strength, dislodging the black

reptile from his person so that the boy could run to the nearest wash station.

Stoick laughed hard right then and Toothless also did a strange guttural growl that sounded like chuckles.

Once Hiccup returned with a clean face and slightly damp clothing and hair he sat at the table and promptly began eating.

The Viking chief watched Hiccup tear into a large chicken leg, which lasted all but five seconds before he threw it to Toothless who crunched the bone with sharp teeth. Hiccup picked up a mackerel and stripped the meat off with his teeth.

By the time Stoick had eaten a whole fish and a couple of chicken legs Hiccup had eaten four mackerel, one Icelandic cod, three chicken legs and had guzzled down a whole pint of milk. The gobsmacked father watched with his mouth slightly agape as he saw Hiccup looking around for more to eat.

For practically Hiccups whole life the most he could eat at one time was one large cod, and those were hungry days. Now the boy eaten as much as three days' worth of food that was standard of the small lad.

Stoick hoped he would gain a little weight with this newfound appetite.

"Still hungry?" he asked slowly, deliberately.

"I feel strangely hungry as of late. Is there any more?" Hiccup looked at his dad with hope sparkling in his eyes.

Stoick chuckled at the earnest boy, reached over and patting his ruddy brown locks. Hiccup kept his large green eyes focussed on the older man, hoping he was going to be placated. His hope dropped when Stoick shook his head. No.

"I can't raid the store for more food after the storm. We are still recovering after all."

Hiccup's face dropped. He looked at his lap. "I guess you're right."

"Come now, I can whip you up a pretty decent breakfast in the morning. How does that sound?"

The auburn haired boys head whipped back up, his eyes glinting once again. "Yes please!" That was all he said before he started to yawn.

"I think all that food made you sleepy. You head on up to bed." The chair creaked slightly as the hefty man stood up, taking the dishes away.

Hiccup also stood and stretched, yawning widely and showcasing all his teeth. Stoick looked back at the lanky teen and saw something a little strange, but the boy closed his mouth and simply nodded.

"Sure, goodnight dad." Hiccup left the room with Toothless close behind. They ascended the stairs and left the man's sight completely.

Stoick scratched his beard with a thoughtful look in his pale green eyes.

He was sure he saw a vague golden glow coming from deep within his boy's throat. And his teeth, did they look slightly longer and sharper? He shook his head, his red beard swaying with the motion. Surely he was simply tired and needed sleep also.

He would keep his eyes peeled for more strange signs from his son though.

* * *

><p>It was late in the morning Hiccup woke up feeling slightly lethargic. His stomach was grumbling, telling him he needed to fill it once again.<p>

He rubbed the sleep from his eyes, blinking the tiredness away. In no time at all he had put his metal foot on and gotten dressed, ready for the day.

Today was the day they could start dragon training once again and Hiccup was glad for the norm to return.

He woke the sleepy dragon up, who yawned showing all his gums before he licked his lips and stared at his rider. He gave Hiccup his legendary smile and then left with the teen.

Hiccup all but bolted down the stairs, his eyes seeking out the table and the prospect of it containing the food he wished to eat.

Sure enough there on the table was a pot of still steaming porridge and a few mackerel. Hiccup sat down, licked his lips and then immediately dug in.

Once he was done he left the house to emerge into a world of pure and beautiful white. He gazed in wonder at the whole of Berk which was nestled amongst snow that was at least a foot deep. It glistened in the clear crystal day, the wide Azure sky revealing a low winter sun of glorious yellow.

The air was fresh, but the mood was sour.

Hiccup looked into the village and saw people rushing about, whispering things and looking plain worried about something.

Hiccup and Toothless looked at each other before they bounded away, aiming for the man who would surely know what was happening.

It took Hiccup minutes to see that his father was talking to Gobber at the head of the stairs that led into the Meade hall. They walked towards them silently.

Gobber was trying to calm a blatantly agitated Stoick, who swung his arms around, his beard flaring and his chest heaving.

"Dad, whats wrong? Why does everyone look so worried?" Hiccup asked with a level voice, fearing what was going to be said slightly.

"A meeting of chiefs has been called. Apparently something is astir and many of the tribes believe we are the main cause." His father seemed to calm down slightly at the sight of his son. Hiccup had to wonder how the man's mood changed when they saw each other.

"A meeting. When?"

"In two days' time. They are already on their way. Heck, some of them will be here later today."

"When did the message get here? Who sent it?"

"It was a joint message. Seems some of the tribes have gotten in touch with each other saying all tribe chiefs had to meet up." Gobber stepped forward with a Terrible Terror settled on his shoulder. It was bright red with deep ochre spines running down its back. It had startling amber eyes that seemed to gaze into the boy's soul.

Hiccup saw a snaky forked tongue flit out from between its jaws and then disappear in a flash.

"I'm guessing that is the messenger?" Hiccup asked sarcastically.

"Righ' you are!" Gobber said, "Lil' guy has flown a long way. Must 'a taken a few days." The Terror puffed its chest out in a smug manner, his arms almost seeming to cross over his chest.

"That's the thing." Stoick interjected, "the message must have been sent out days ago, now we have practically no time to prepare. That's why the village is working extra hard to straighten things up for our not very happy guests."

"So that means, Bog- burglars, Visithugs, Meatheads, Hysterics, Murderousâ€¦" Hiccup counted the tribes off from the top of his head.

Gobber nodded, "And that also means the Outcasts and the Berserkeres."

"Oh goodie," Hiccup simply began to hug Toothlesses neck, the thought of seeing all these dangerous people all gathered together on his island home a terrifying thought. He wished he could hide away until they all returned to their own islands, but he knew better.

Toothless purred, trying to cheer up the now sullen boy.

Hiccup had the feeling something bad had happened, something tied to himself maybe. He hoped not, but he couldn't go against his gut feeling.

"Does this mean we have to hide the dragons again?" He asked with a dry voice.

Stoick rubbed his beard, deep in thought. When he answered he took both the boy and Gobber by surprise. "No, I wouldn't bother. Surely

by now all the tribes know of our alliance with the dragons. The outcasts and Berserkers would have made sure of that."

"Yer' right." Gobber agreed. "Keeping our dragons secret would simply cause problems in the long run. They cannot be contained anymore."

"Well at least I can stay close to Toothless." Hiccup felt his dragon nuzzle his cheek affectionately. He knew the dragon would be there with him the whole time. "Anyway, Dad, is it okay if I stay and work in the shop today? There is something I really need to do."

Stoick looked at his son with a raised eyebrow. It wasn't often Hiccup asked for something. Usually he just went and did whatever was on his mind anyway. "What is that then?"

"I'm thinking of remaking the spring loaded tail for Toothless. You know, the one that enables him to fly on his own."

Toothless rumbled and the two old Vikings reeled in shock. They both knew the two wouldn't ever like to fly by themselves; which was evident in the fact Toothless broke the last spring loaded tail Hiccup made, flinging it away with his powerful tail.

"You what?" Gobber couldn't finish he was so shocked by the boys notion. "I thought you two lived for flying together. Why on Midgard do you want to do a thing like that?"

"A precaution. Just in case I get hung up somewhere, or I can't fly Toothless for any reason, I don't want my best bud to be downed and vulnerable." He scratched behind the dragons ears, making him rumble with affection for his rider. "I simply want him to be safe." He added the last bit with a solemn attitude, as if he made a great decision that meant life or death.

The attitude and bravery of his son made Stoick swell with pride. "Of course son, you may work there for as long as needed."

"Thanks dad. Oh and Gobber, could you tell the others about the change of plans?"

"Sure thing Hiccup. I have something I could teach them for today. You can count on me lad."

"Thank you! Come on Toothless, we have work to do." Hiccup spun on his heels and ran back down the stone stairs, mindful of not tripping over his fake leg.

* * *

><p>And so for the rest of the day Hiccup was hard at work; creating springs, gears and coils that would work into the slightly improved design of the tail fin he created during the last Snoggletog. He began working immediately, firing up the forge and bringing in the materials necessary to recreate the lost fin.<p>

Toothless helped by keeping the fire nice and hot and also carrying materials in his mouth when Hiccup asked for them. Hiccup chuckled, thinking if Toothless was human he would make a gallant and eager apprentice.

All through the day he worked, skipping his lunch but not noticing his grumbling stomach, miraculously.

It was easier to create this tail; Hiccup just had to follow the earlier design. He kept all his invention pages and concepts safely tacked to the workroom walls. Any modifications that were made were added during the process of making it. He found a way to make the metal lighter by mixing steel and copper together when liquid hot, creating a metal alloy that wouldn't break under lots of pressure.

If something went wrong the metal would be easier to fix, and wouldn't snap under heavy air pressure when flying.

The metal also maintained a subtle brown tint that matched Toothless' dark scales.

Once the mechanism was finished he went about cutting leather into a suitable shape and size, attaching it to the metal 'bones.'

Once it was done Hiccup lifted it up to show his dragon, fanning it out with both hands and snapping it shut.

"It's all done bud, what do you think?"

Toothless inspected the fin by sniffing it. The recognition was evident in his eyes and he looked at it with a certain degree of loathing; but he understood why his boy made it. He gave it a snort and promptly went to gnaw his arm, which suddenly became itchy.

"I know bud. I want to fly with you all the time too but I just need to make sure you will be okay. It's easy to put on and anyone could do it. I will keep it in a safe spot where you can fetch it easily."

Toothless grunted, not ceasing gnawing on his ebony scales.

Hiccup chuckled. The chuckling suddenly merged with a grumble emanating from his stomach. He only now realised how famished he was.

"Gods, I'm soo~ hungry!" He moaned, clutching his belly with one hand. "How about we catch some grub."

Toothless visibly elated, his tail and rump wagging in glee. He bounded towards the entrance of the forge, urging the boy to follow. Hiccup placed the tail in his work room for now before they could try it out and then followed the happy dragon, making their way through the village.

It was when he ran through the village he remembered. They were expecting guests, and likely some were there now.

"Oh gods, Toothless, we have to go to the Meade hall. If guests are there that means I have to make an appearance, as the chief's son." Hiccup deflated, although his stomach did not cease grumbling.

He turned the other way, heading for the great hall.

"Hope they still have plenty of food!"

* * *

><p>The next chapter may take a while, until I do a little research and planning for the next scene. There will be lots of characters, both from the books and filmTV series. I will keep book character parts to a minimum though, just in case some of you guys haven't read the books. Dont worry for it wont all be boring meeting, there will be action. Too much dialogue bores me a little. (You can probably tell when you read some of my fics)**

Oh by the way, I'm gonna watch the second film again on Tuesday. Sooooo happy!

7. Changes

Finally I managed to publish this chapter. I am so sorry it took so long but I really had no inspiration for this instalment. It went quite a bit differently to what it was going to be, but it didnt change the story I have in mind at all. It enhances it I think. Please enjoy.

* * *

><p>Once the small boy and black dragon reached the great hall he was met with a heavy atmosphere. It was like descending to the bottom of the ocean after spending time in shallow waters; for the mood of the Vikings there was heavy and menacing, a downwards pressure that Berk had to keep suspended above the sea.<p>

Hiccup suddenly felt practically all eyes settle on him as he entered. As if by some kind of instinct he needed to find comfort in his dragon, who began to growl minutely within his gullet. His eyes were narrowed and his wings unclenched from his side so that he could pull his boy closer towards him.

Hiccup felt extremely nervous now, so he pressed his side towards Toothless as they walked further into the hall. If Hiccup wasn't so stubborn he would have walked straight back out; but he knew he had to be present whilst their guests remained.

He had to uphold his pride as a chief's protÃ©gÃ©. And Hiccup, even though wasn't practically chief material, knew to uphold his own and carry out his duty with his head held high.

Which is what he did. Even though he was inwardly shaking, feeling coils that were the result of his nerves linger inside his stomach he marched deeper into the throng of Vikings.

As he walked, pressed closely to Toothless with his hand on the great dragon's neck, he could hear the whispers follow in his wake.

Whispers of, '...the dragon conquerorâ€|,' 'â€|the chief's runt son..,' 'â€|is that a Night Fury?' Followed him as he walked through. Hiccup swallowed a lump in his throat.

Scared forest green eyes swept through the ocean of burly people,

trying to avoid looking into any set of eyes. He was looking quickly, furtively, until he spotted the table they were sat at. Once he spotted them he walked a little quicker, all the while avoiding everything else.

He felt highly relieved once he reached the table that sat his father and Gobber, who were already tucking into the feast laid out before them. They were quiet also, simply eating and shooting furtive glances about them, watching out for anything that may fall ill.

Everybody knew that this conference of different island nations wasn't called together under friendly circumstances.

As Hiccup neared the table he noted his father look at him and his rigid countenance seemed to slip slightly. It was a tiny, barely noticeable thing to spot but Hiccup spotted it.

"Ah, I'm glad you could finally make it son, we saved something for you." He gestured to the plate of meats in the centre of the table, along with some bread and root vegetables. Hiccup only had his eyes set on the meat though.

"Thanks dad." He sat down next to Gobber, facing his father. He sat near the wall, facing towards the entrance. Toothless sat beside him, not laying his bulk onto the floor. He sat on his haunches, his head rising higher than the height Hiccup sat, watching like a hawk and swivelling his pupils around so that he was looking out for danger.

Hiccup noticed that the dragon's obsidian pupils would become slits when he caught someone watching. Obviously only Vikings that lived beyond the shores of Berk watched, and Toothless, along with the other Berkians, knew they were in for a tough few days.

Toothless simply wanted his best friend to stay safe. He would loyally watch over him for as long as it took.

Hiccup placed his palm on the dragon's nose, instantly calming the large reptile. He purred in his throat, telling Hiccup all would be well, as well as calming his frazzled nerves. His eyes slowly became adorning squares once again.

"Here bud," he reached to the plate, taking out a large portion of meat that was a mix of Lamb and Rabbit, tossing it to Toothless who gulped it down in one large swallow. He did a little burb as he licked his lips. Hiccup giggled, already feeling a little less nervous.

As he went to dig into his share of food Gobber and Stoick had finished, although they didn't leave. They watched Hiccup chomp on the nicely cooked meat, his cheeks full and his eyes gently closed in joy. He was humming as he ate, obviously feeling relieved to feel food in his stomach again.

"How's yer project goin' then?" Gobber asked.

Hiccup swallowed a large mouthful of food and answered quickly before he went in for the next bite. "I'm done already." He took another bite, chewed and then swallowed. "It helps keeping a record of my

past designs. I simply had to follow the blueprints, giving them a good once over and improving them as I went." He looked down at a bone, seeing there was no meat left on it. He looked slightly disappointed for a moment before he tossed it onto a plate full of discarded bones and went for some more. He went for the fish this time.

He picked up a large Haddock, placed it on his own plate, and then put the plate that contained about five more fish, placing it on the floor for Toothless. He grinned his gummy grin, seeing the fish. His teeth popped out and then he delved into the action of swallowing the lot.

"Slow down son. " Stoick made a calming gesture with his hands, seeing the speed his boy was devouring the food. "I can't understand how you can eat so much."

Hiccup paused mid bite. He pulled the portion of fish away from his lips and stared at it, contemplating. Stoick could see the way Hiccup scrunched his nose up slightly and his eyes gleam as he turned the thoughts over in his mind.

"To be honest dad, I'm not so sure myself." He cast his gaze onto his plate, seeing the scraps of food that were still present. "It's just that, after the voice fiasco I feel really hungry for some reason." Hiccup turned his green gaze onto his best friend, who was in the process of swallowing a whole fish. "It's a bit like I have the appetite of a dragon."

"Seems like yer appetite is more ferocious than even Toothless'." Gobber then chugged a whole pint of Meade down his throat, some of the amber liquid spilling down his chin, before he spoke again.

He slammed the empty jug onto the table, creating a resounding thud. "I see you won't even touch the veggies, and you certainly never were that fond of red meat or chicken. Only fish!" He quirked an eyebrow at the pile of bones Hiccup had previously stripped with his teeth.

"Yeah," he mumbled. "I dunno,' I feel like things are changing around here, myself included." Hiccup felt a stab through his chest after he said that. Usually things like this led to him becoming a disappointment for his village.

Changes brought invaders to their shores simply because they ended the war with dragons. Now they seem to be under the radar of every tribe within the archipelago, seemingly with Berk at the centre. Hiccup could tell it was because of their kinship with dragons.

"I shouldn't worry too much about it son. I know that whatever happened it wasn't your fault. We just need to be wary from now on." Stoick patted Hiccup over his soft auburn locks. Hiccup instantly felt a little less apprehensive.

Hiccup knew that the strengthened link between his father and himself was due to Toothless. Shooting him, befriending him and bringing down the Red Death started a landslide of events that all rolled into place. It was a change brought on for the better. Hiccup owed so much to his dragon.

It was at that moment Hiccup could not stifle the massive yawn that came upon him so suddenly. Both Stoick and Gobber watched him. Hiccup finished and then saw the strange looks on both of the older Vikings faces. He didn't really pay much attention though as he suddenly felt exceedingly lethargic.

"Hey guys, I think I'm gonna return home." Hiccup stretched his arms out, feeling stiff from working all day. He had to be up early so that he could try the new tail out, and possibly the flight suit again. "I will see you tomorrow." Hiccup waved them off as he began to saunter back out of the hall. Toothless faithfully followed behind.

Hiccup was now too tired to pay much mind to the nervous and angry muttering of the other tribes that were still left in the hall. The gazes seemed to smoulder and the only person to notice was Toothless, who growled menacingly, his pupils were tight slits like a cat. The growl had the instant effect of a naughty dog falling docile after getting scolded by its master.

Stoick and Gobber watched the progress of the sleepy teenager, watching him pass amongst the tables and benches, open the large doors and thus, disappearing into the darkness of the night like Loki fades into shadows.

"Did you see that Gobber?" Stoick asked, his voice grim.

"Yeah, I did." Gobber's eyes were wide, his blue eyes puzzled. "Did I see fangs? And that glow at the back of his throat?"

"I'm sure of it, Hiccup is hiding something!" Stoick scratched his chin that that was hidden under his voluptuous red beard before his eyes went downcast. "I just thought he would share his burdens with me more."

Gobber saw the sad look in his chief's eyes, seeing the hurt and confusion swimming within. He placed a reassuring hand on his shoulders.

"Hey, I'm sure Hiccup has a lot to deal with. Ye know how skittish he is as of late. I'm sure he will confide in you when he feels ready. Just give the lad some space and he should come to ya."

Gobber saw a tiny smile light up Stoick's hopeful face. He nodded in affirmation. Stoick was always glad Gobber was there to advise and comfort him. The man had an uncanny knack of understanding his son even though Gobber wasn't the father. Stoick sometimes wished he could perceive things the way the single handed man did.

"I hope your right Gobber."

* * *

><p>Hiccup meanwhile, was walking slowly through the village watching the sky as he walked. Even though he was wary he still spent the time casting his gaze to the watchful stars above. He felt slightly euphoric seeing the beautiful and mysterious constellations, as if they held endless wisdom that could be imparted upon the small boy.<p>

He stopped in the central plaza, his feet pausing on the cold grey stone. He stretched one lanky arm out towards the heavens, opening his palm and extending his fingers as if he could touch the inky black.

Toothless watched patiently, feeling the heavy emotions the boy was giving off. It was like a thick musk, bombarding the black lizard in riptides. The dragon was silent, feeling happiness, grief, wonder, sadness, awe, confusion. It was a strange mix of opposites. Toothless could not understand his boy's boundless emotions.

He could feel the spikes of negative emotions pierce his thick hide. He could feel glowing warmth of positive feelings covet over his scales. Amongst all these emotions Toothless felt an underlying, powerful emotion. An emotion that was more powerful than the others.

Longing.

Hiccup was watching the skies with a haunted look on his face. Toothless did not know what he was looking at, but he thought he could see sadness in Hiccup's face. It was like he was looking for something.

But in the sky?

Toothless suddenly felt something, something otherworldly within the vicinity. He looked all around, seeing nothing moving. He even used his senses to locate objects within the dark; coming up with nothing physical. It was neither good nor evil but it made the dragon feel nervous. He didn't like it.

He turned to his boy again, seeing that he had brought his arm back to his side. Although he was frozen in place, his face still upturned towards the heavens. His eyes were wide open and instead of the steady green emeralds his eyes were glowing a pale golden iridescence.

Toothless began to growl, growing increasingly worried about his friend. He stood in front of him on his two back legs, trying to block out the sights of the sky with his massive leathery wings. It did nothing but cause Hiccup to step to the side in a manner that made him look like he was bewitched.

Toothless moved with him, returning to the ground with all four paws. He didn't want to hurt his rider so he nudged him and poked him with his claws. He tried his hardest to bring Hiccup back to earth, but to no avail. Hiccup continued to stare into space.

Toothless shrieked, his eyes frightened. He attempted to nuzzle his rider when he felt a cold presence nearby. He tuned his ears, listening hard. It was coming from the shadows of the houses and seemed to slither like a snake. It was fast and it didn't stay in one place for long.

Suddenly Toothless fell silent, frozen in place as he felt the thing in his shadow. Toothless looked to the ground, seeing his shadow remained unchanged. He still felt whatever was there but it froze him.

Suddenly it moved into Hiccups shadow, but it didn't move again. It remained there, wrapping dark tendrils around the boy who remained unresponsive. Hiccup didn't move, his golden eyes still staring into space, his body petrified and still.

_"Heehee, even the mighty Night Fury is frightened within my presence. How can you protect this boy if you can't move from there?" _The thing seemed to move over Hiccups skin, wrapping around him. Toothless remained frozen, his eyes cast on something that seemed to rise out of the shadows.

Toothless saw a mass of black; humanoid in shape with its hands clutching the boy's cheeks, peering into his eyes with omniscient looking eyes.

_"Cute little Viking," _It ignored the dragon for the moment, addressing Hiccup with its silky voice, _"Soon you will awaken, making a choice that will change your life forever. Haha, this is going to be so entertaining. How much grief am I going to see? I can't contain myself." _

Toothless really wanted to move but his limbs wouldn't listen to his brain. He felt like a doll, with eyes that could see out without moving.

_"Look at your eyes boy, so pretty! They resemble dragon eyes but more godly. Yes, it shall be soon..! _The thing still had its hands over the boy's face, peering into those golden irises. Toothless felt anger rising within his body, how this creature dare touch his friend! How dare it threaten his boy!

_"And when the truth is revealed I expect much disarray and carnage." _The thing laughed an eerie cackle, "_and when it does, it will be all your fault! Ahahaha." _

That was it! The spell that came over Toothless snapped like a bow string. He lunged at the thing, his wings flaring and his teeth bared. He grasped Hiccup with his claws gently and whipped his tail around, aiming for the black mass.

His tail met nothing. The thing was gone.

"Toothless!?" Toothless primed his ears and looked down, his pupils still formed into catlike slits. They enlarged when he saw that Hiccup was back looking confused.

"Whats wrong bud, why are you holding me like this?"

Toothless ignored the boy, whipping his head around and peering into the dim torch light. He saw no one but that didn't stop him from being on edge. He hissed viciously.

Hiccup felt a little frightened by the state his friend was in. He noticed the dragon was sat on his haunches, his arms and wings encircling his rider in a tight and possessive embrace. It was like the dragon was protecting him from something.

Toothless was still looking around but Hiccup could not see out from the arms and wings. He felt so small when the dragon was holding him like this.

Suddenly they both heard the flutter of feathered wings and the caws of ravens. Toothless snapped his head around, growling at the birds.

"Toothless, will you let me go! Whats wrong?"

Hiccup was beginning to fidget, trying to wriggle out from the mass of powerful limbs. Toothless kept his limbs wrapped around the boy, keeping him safe. He waited for the sound of the birds to leave before he returned his attention to his boy.

Hiccup felt a vibration from the vicinity of the dragon's chest. He heard a low rumble coming out from the dragon a worried and deep lilt to the sound.

"Bud, are you okay?" Hiccup placed his palm on the Night Furies chest, feeling his heart rate beating a mile a minute. Hiccup recoiled his hand, shocked at the fierce rate of the pounding muscle. He had never before felt so much fear coming from the creature.

Whatever had happened Hiccup could not remember a thing. He felt like a slice of his life was cut away, as if a part of time was chipped out. He didn't understand the dragon's irrational fear and couldn't fathom that Toothlesses fear was over the confused teenager.

Hiccup then heard two sets of footsteps behind him. Toothless whipped his head back up, seeing Stoick and Gobber approaching. They were walking quickly, seeing the boy and dragon from the great hall acting odd.

Toothless growled at them as they approached, tightening his hold over Hiccup and causing the boy to feel smothered.

"Toothless!"

"Hiccup, Toothless!" Stoick huffed. "Whats wrong with you? I thought you went home!"

"Dad?" Hiccup was quiet, contemplating what had happened. He felt scared for some reason, as if some big event had just happened. He still felt the heartbeat of Toothless, pounding into his side.

"Dad, I'm not sure what happened but Toothless was spooked by something."

"Spooked? Was it an Eel?" Gobber enquired.

"No, it can't be! We are in the middle of the village and there are no fishing huts around here. No, whatever it was it spooked him more than an Eel could." He felt it was something even he couldn't comprehend. It took a lot to frighten a dragon, especially a Night Fury.

Stoick came closer, wary of Toothless who was watching him like a hawk. "It's ok, you can let him go." Stoick held his hand out to Toothless who didn't budge. When Stoick saw he wasn't letting go of his son he chose a different tactic.

He placed his palm on the dragon's nose, copying the methods of his

son. "It's ok, I will look after him."

Toothless felt a little on edge but he saw the conviction in the red haired man's eyes. He saw a conviction similar to his rider. He knew he could entrust Hiccup to the man.

With a little reluctance he finally let Hiccup go. Once he escaped the warmth of his dragon the boy stretched his arms out, feeling a little glad to breathe the cold air.

He turned back to Toothless and placed his forehead against the black beasts own. "It's okay bud. Thanks for protecting me." He said it even though he didn't know what he was being protected from. "Let's go back home."

Gobber watched the whole exchange. He thought it was strange, how protective the dragon was of the boy. What had frightened even a Night Fury? How come Hiccup didn't seem scared himself? What had happened?

He noticed that he was being left behind, the boy and dragon already on their way back to the chiefs residence. Stoick turned back to Gobber. "I will have to speak to him tomorrow, find out what is happening with him."

"Good idea Stoick. Remember, be tactful. Ye don't want to incur the wrath of tha' Night Fury." Stoick laughed slightly at the sarcastic but light comment.

"Your right Gobber." He sighed. "This is going to be a long couple of days. I will see you tomorrow Gobber."

"Aye, Night Stoick."

Stoick left, following his boy and dragon into the night towards home, leaving Gobber with his thoughts.

"Something is changing, but I don't know whether it is for better or worse."

No one within the plaza noticed the many different sets of eyes that were watching the scene that had just unfolded.

* * *

><p>I don't know when the next chapter is going to come out as I am off to Edinburgh during the weekend. I had to push myself to get this chapter out before I left. You never know, I may get another out before I go, but im not promising anything. I'm sorry if you guys were expecting the meeting to be within this chapter, but I promise it will come soon.

8. The storm gathers

I am so sorry it took so long to publish this chapter. I had actually written the first half of this chapter about 2 months ago but never got back to it. This chapter is a little longer than previous instalments. I hope you enjoy it.

"Higher Toothless, we need to get much higher." Hiccup breathlessly spoke to the black dragon, whose wings were working tirelessly to ascend higher into the azure sky.

Feeling the wind in his face and the wide expanse of sky surrounding him, the boy felt free. Sharing this vast realm with his best friend was a feeling he would not trade for anything in the world. Here he could be himself, here he could do what he wanted without others holding him back.

After a short time Hiccup felt a strong wind tugging on his locks of auburn hair causing the thick strands to blow this way and that in the strong gusts.

"This surely must be the roof of the mortal realm, eh bud?" He looked about once Toothless levelled out. Hiccup peered below, seeing a sea of clouds. There were no rifts to be seen within the cloud bank.

"It's like a vast grey ocean." He mused.

He then craned his neck up, casting forest green eyes towards an endless blue. They were so high up Hiccup noticed that the light blue of the sky has been replaced by a dark cobalt blue, fathomless and eternal.

It was a realm occupied by gods.

Toothless noticed how Hiccup didn't become breathless with the height. It was as if he had dragon lungs. Hiccup on the other hand felt elated, lively. He breathed the gorgeously pure air deeply, drawing it deep into his lungs and almost tasting the very element contained within the air.

He extended his arms out, feeling the air buffet them as they flew. Hiccup closed his eyes. He wanted to only feel for a moment.

He breathed slowly, feeling the air leave and enter his nose. He felt the dimensions of the sky all around him. He was in a vast space, a realm containing only him and his beloved dragon.

The wind could tell him the secrets of the sky. It told him stories of gods and goddesses. How the branches of Yggdrasil touches the blue realm of the sky, a silent watcher, linking the nine realms.

Hiccup felt order.

But then he chose to open his eyes, seeing the look in his dragon's greengage eye. "Ready bud?" He cheerily asked. Toothless ears shuddered and he grunted in approval. He too was ready.

"Okay bud, with that tail everything should turn out just fine." Hiccup placed a comforting hand on the shoulder of the black dragon. "I promise."

Toothless purred his consent for the actions they were about to partake in.

"Race to Berk!" Hiccup screamed and then jump clean off the saddle of

his dragon, plummeting towards earth once again.

"Where is Hiccup?" Stoick bellowed once he had reached Gobber's blacksmith shop. The man he was searching for was hammering on a sword blade, the sparks of heat jumping away from the surface during each hammer strike.

"Out!" Was the blonde man's curt reply. He carried on hammering away. Once he had ceased the hammering he replaced the hammer prospective with the tongs and brought the blade over to the water bath for cooling.

He wiped his sweaty brow with a grimy rag and turned to fully acknowledge his chief and friend, who was still stood on the threshold of the shop, his slightly narrowed and his chest heaving. The red headed man was panting slightly, obviously he had ran there.

Gobber raised his brow at the man, waiting for him to speak.

"I need to find him. All the tribes have gathered and they want to bring the meeting forward to today. I need Hiccup there."

"Oh great. Ya just missed him! He was here, switching the tail designs over on Toothless and garnering his flight gear. That boy doesn't know how ta stop and breath."

Stoick visibly deflated. This was the last place he would find his son, and the fact he wasn't there meant he was flying with Toothless and would be out for hours. Gobber just confirmed his suspicions.

Gobber watched Stoick sigh, making an on the spot decision.

"I will have to ask the other dragon riders to look for him. " Stoick turned on the spot, making his way out. Gobber heard him mutter 'again' before he was out of sight from the plump man again.

"This isn't gonna make the poor boy happy." He muttered to himself.

Meanwhile Stoick walked towards the dragon academy, his feet carrying him quickly over rocky and grassy terrain. He didn't have too long before the clans would want to meet in the great hall and Hiccup was nowhere to be found.

This just wasn't his day at all. He understood the boy had a lot going on, what with his strange tendencies as of late and his need to be alone with his dragon. It wasn't that unusual but he was usually with the other teens.

Lately he didn't even want to do any dragon training with them. Astrid was often at the house, asking Stoick where he was. Not only the blonde girl but other teens, even the oblivious twins, were beginning to suspect something was off with him.

Stoick managed to arrive at the large arena in good time, but when he got there all hell had broken loose.

Dragons were running about everywhere with young Vikings shouting for

the dragons to calm down. Stoick entered seeing the only dragon that was behaving was the Stormfly. The gorgeous spiny dragon was stood close to Astrid, who was trying to quell the activity in the arena.

Her arms were waving everywhere, a trait she started to pick up on from Hiccup when she was angry. Her face was red from shouting and her eyes were wide. She looked slightly psychotic.

"Astrid!" The girl turned to see her chief walking towards her. The large man had to run to evade an incoming Hookfang and an awkward Snotlout trying to catch the large red beast.

Once he reached the girl he was slightly red in the face. Today was just not his day. "What in Thor's name is going on here?"

"I'm sorry sir, butâ€¦" The girl didn't finish, she simply pointed her answer.

Stoick raised an inquisitive brow, following the girls arm. What he saw both perplexed and angered him.

There, wrestling the Zippleback Barf and Belch, was Dagur. He had one head pinned under him and an axe in the other hand, raised high with the blade glinting in the autumn sun. He was laughing in triumph with his eyes wild and his grin wide.

Before Stoick could manage to do anything Tuffnut tackled the older boy off his dragon. They rolled a couple of feet away, the axe dropping to the stone ground.

"What in god's name is he doing here?" Stoick bellowed to no one in particular. He turned when he heard something big stamp from behind him.

"He just turned up, saying he wanted to check out the training." Snotlout had finally managed to subdue his dragon, although the back of his pants were clutched within his dragon's jaws. Snotlout looked a little like a puppy being picked up by his mother, his arms and legs hanging down. "Put me down Hookfang!"

The dragon failed to comply. He simply stood there with a smug look in his eyes, which were both cast upon his rider in amusement. He started to let out a deep, guttural chuckle which reverberated through the great wyrm.

"I have no time for this!" Stoick said mostly to himself.

Meanwhile Tuffnut and Dagur were rolling along the ground, trying to punch the living daylights out of each other. Dagur was obviously winning as he had Tuff pinned underneath him with his forearm. He was about to dish out another tooth dislodging blow until Ruffnut grabbed the hand about to deal the punch and wrenched the older boy off her brother.

"Ow ow ow, how dare you do this to me?" Dagur guffawed when he noticed he was wrenched away by a wiry but tall girl.

"Not just any girl, but a girl who must really be a guy." Tuffnut unhelpfully interjected from the ground he lay upon.

Before anyone knew it Ruffnut was running at her twin brother and punching him in the face. Her blows were not fierce like Dagur's, but they drove the point home; never insult a woman by questioning her femininity.

Stoick stomped over towards Dagur, who stood there with a scowl on his face as he watched the brawling twins. The large man ignored the twins as he was used to their fights breaking out around the village all the time. He wanted to know why the Berserker chief was there.

The red haired young man saw the Berk chief poised before him, looking both stern and rather angry. "Ah Stoick, I see you still train your dragons in this arena." He gestured all around him with his arms. "Tell me, is this where you plan for future attacks as well?"

Stoick's brow rose slightly. He was curious about what the young chief was insinuating, but right now he had an objective in mind.

"Any questions you wish to ask will be discussed in the meeting later. I trust you are capable of waiting that long?"

"Hmm." Dagur stalked around the large man. Everyone watched him go with hawk like eyes, watching for any funny business, which they would be hard pressed to miss due to the young man's spontaneous bursts of madness.

Even after his defeat on Outcast Island and the treaty he signed shortly after stating his misdeeds and indiscretions, stating he wouldn't be able to invade again, did not prevent the island of Berk from trusting him. In their heads he was still as wily as a buck in autumn and as sly as a fox flitting amongst the shadows.

"And why do we have to wait?" He walked near Stormfly, who hissed at him lowly when he neared. "Is there someone not here who needs to be here?"

"What are you getting at Dagur?" Stoick asked carefully.

"Well, I haven't seen Hiccup lately. Surely a year after that incident he must have more dragon training technique's up his sleeve. Maybe he is using the methods for a different reason than he is stating."

"I assure you he is simply with Toothless. He will be back soon." Stoick appeared nonchalant when he said it. He didn't like what Dagur was saying. The boy had an uncanny way of getting under your skin.

"He was meant to be here today." Astrid said. "But he never showed up."

"Yeah, he seems out of it lately." Fishlegs offered, stating the obvious. The others agreed with him though.

"I need to start the meeting soon. Can you fetch him for me?"

Astrid noticed that their chief looked extremely tired. He had lines on his temples and wrinkles around his pale green eyes. Never before had he looked so old. Astrid could only guess he was worrying over his son. Like all of them there.

"We will find him sir." She immediately jumped into the saddle on the back of Stormfly, urging her to take to the sky. Snotlout and Fishlegs followed on Hookfang and Meatlug, deciding they would rather be out there looking for the elusive Night Fury and his rider over staying in the arena with Dagur.

The twins were still brawling, not noticing the departure of the other teens and their dragons. Dagur had a triumphant smile on his face, his teeth showing for all the world to see.

Stoick let out the millionth sigh for the day. This was indeed going to be a long day.

High up near the edge of the realm of the stars a young man dropped from the sky from the back of a great black dragon. This time he made sure to drop with precision. This time when he dropped he would let nothing sway him. He intended to enjoy the rush.

He wanted to live this moment to the fullest extent.

Gobber always used to say 'live and breathe this stuff.'

That was what Hiccup was intending to achieve.

His face was turned towards the ocean below, his locks whipping about in a frenzy as the wind surged past him as gravity pulled him down. He kept his back straight but not stiff and his arms were tucked close to his sides, reducing the drag as he dropped.

He had his eyes closed, wanting to feel the wind on his face and through his hair. It was pure and refreshing. No creatures had breathed this delicious air before. Not even the highest flying dragons made it up here.

As the euphoric boy fell he felt a shift in the air currents next to him. He peered over to see Toothless dropping beside him in perfect sync. He was smiling at the boy, his tongue released from his mouth.

The dragon had his large wings tucked close to his body, reducing the drag of the wind and leaving his progress of dropping to earth unhindered.

Hiccup gingerly extended his hand and began to stroke the dragon's nose. He was glad the action didn't cause him to unbalance himself and begin to flail. Hiccup felt a surge of confidence when he accomplished that small task. It was both exhilarating and comforting. Dropping from the edge of the sky with his best friend in the whole world felt like stepping away from the trouble reality brought and falling into the realms of dreams and aspirations.

He totally forgot about the trouble brewing on his little island nation. Right now he was freedom incarnate. Right now he felt more dragon than human.

His previously closed eyes now opened wide. He peered down towards the sea, his pupils blown wide, witnessing the exhilaration within his soul purging his doubts and worries for a time.

Toothless puffed out a warm breath of air into Hiccups face, alerting him to the time.

"Yes bud," Hiccup shouted to the wind. It was indeed 'time.' His arms hooked onto the straps of his flight suit and then he snapped them out wide, catching the updrafts like a masterful Albatross.

Soon the young explorer found himself soaring through the sky in the same fashion as the mighty Night Fury. The Night Fury, a guardian of Midgard flying, beside him. They soared parallel to the wide blue waters of the ocean and skimmed along the low clouds that covered much of the sky.

"This is Amazing!" Hiccup shouted in ecstasy. He felt so elated right now that he didn't even notice other dragons as they joined along with them.

Stormfly flew above Toothless, communicating to him with a quirk of her head in hello. Toothless replied by grunting and shifting his wings in order to balance himself. The mechanical tail aiding exponentially. He would be able to catch Hiccup with ease if any trouble reared its ugly head.

"Ho Hiccup, you're flying like Toothless!" Astrid shouted above the rush of air with a massive, proud smile on her pretty face. Hiccup wanted to answer but he couldn't turn his head far enough around to regard the blonde girl, otherwise he would find himself losing his balance. Instead he gave her a thumbs up with his left hand.

Hiccup noticed Meatlug and Fishlegs flying below him, able to keep up due to the duo's relaxed gliding.

Fishlegs was looking at Hiccup with awe on his face. Similarly the Brunette heard Snotlout whining about 'show offs' somewhere nearby but paid him no heed.

It seemed that hardly any time had passed before Hiccup noticed that they were nearing the mountains of Berk.

Toothless didn't have to wait for Hiccup to ask for him before he sped up and allowed Hiccup to alight onto his back. Once Hiccup had clipped himself in Toothless did a 180 degree turn by first pointing his body down, turning and thrusting his wings out and flying back towards the village like an arrow.

Hiccup noticed that the others had already landed within the village square by the time Hiccup and Toothless flew in. Many people were watching once they landed.

Hiccup jumped away from the saddle and immediately began to tuck in the leather wings of his flight suit. He seemed to ignore the people around him, but he listened to his dragon humming in amusement.

He couldn't ignore the shout of his father over the gush of voices.

Stoic thundered over looking a little frazzled but relieved to see his son stood there. "Hiccup," once he reached him he grasped his son gently but firmly around the forearm and tugged him towards the direction of the great hall.

Hiccup then realised he indeed had somewhere to go that morning, but the memory of it completely slipped by him.

"Oh Gods dad, I'm so sorry-"

"No excuses son, we have a place to be right now!" His father interjected shortly. He sounded more worried than angry which puzzled Hiccup somewhat. "We have kept the clans waiting long enough. Our presence is needed immediately."

Stoic pulled Hiccup into the great hall and then stopped in front of Toothless who had followed faithfully behind.

"I'm sorry Toothless but can you wait outside?" Stoic asked the black dragon. Toothless paused mid step, looking at the man with a confused expression. Stoic brought Hiccup round to face his dragon.

"Sorry bud, he is right." He stroked the worried beast's nose in an apologetic manner. Toothless seemed more upset by this short parting than normal and Hiccup really didn't want to part from him. "Can you wait for me here? I promise that nothing will happen, and then we can go flying again when our business is done."

Toothless regarded the small Viking, who stood there with a confident smile on his face. Toothless knew it was a mask; the boy really felt nervous and apprehensive about the meeting that was about to take place. The boy was surely growing. He had put on a little more muscle over the couple of years since they met and he had gained height. His hair was slightly longer and his bearing was more confident. Toothless was proud that his rider was rising above his previous shortcomings.

Toothless hummed in admission, nuzzling his boy cheek to cheek. Hiccup giggled with happiness and relief.

"Come now Hiccup, we have Vikings waiting." Hiccup was pulled inside by his father. The doors slammed shut, dividing the pair from each other.

Hiccup sat in the semi darkness feeling many eyes lingering on his now rather drowsy form. These stuffy meetings did nothing for him. He would rather be out there exploring and spending every waking hour with Toothless and his friends. Anything but here, coping with the hard stares of the other clans.

The ambassadors of each clan consisted of each chief and their heir, along with a couple of trusted friends and advisors. They seated in a circular arrangement around the massive fire pit, shouting at each other over the flickering flames. Most of the shouting was directed at the Ambassadors of Berk, mainly Stoic, Gobber, Spitelout and Hiccup.

Hiccup was barely paying attention. He felt rather hungry and was craving a nice juicy slab of Yak with a side helping of smoky mackerel. For most of the meeting he kept fingering the scale

necklace he created a few days ago, feeling the comfort it brought him. It was a piece of toothlesses' protection keeping him in check. His thoughts where jostled suddenly when the shouting became even more fierce.

"Can't even keep the heir engaged in these important matters. How do you deal with this, Stoic, if you can't even keep your son in line?"

Hiccup rose up, meeting the fierce stare of Norbert the Nutjob. His eyes twitched, his black irises merging cleanly with his pupils. 'Hah, that's the pot calling the kettle black! What is this nutter even doing here?' Hiccup thought with irritation. It was well known that Norbert rarely engaged in matters of politics; rather shower the room in axes and swords, spilling blood for amusement rather than actually sort anything out peacefully. He wasn't one to keep engaged in anything but violence himself.

"It may appear he isn't listening," Stoic looked at Hiccup with anger evident on his face. His mouth turned down in a deep frown, "but I assure you he is." His eyes narrowed slightly, "Aren't you, son?" He added quietly so that only the russet haired youth could hear.

"Of course I am father," he replied in a bored manner. He was listening, he just didn't show it. Many of the tribes found themselves under attack suddenly by hordes of dragons who seemed crazed and bloodthirsty. Each tribe had lost a number of their clansmen and the problem was escalating.

Even though the attacks seemed spontaneous, they seem ordered, as if they were following a certain routine. Like they were being ordered by someone.

"Keep your boy in line Stoic, we have pressing matters to attend to!" Stated the leader of the bog burglar tribe. She was a large, blonde woman who was well endowed and showed off her bust proudly for all to see. Often the eyes of most of the males in the room would linger on it, but the woman didn't seem to care.

"Right, about these attacks. What do you have to say about yourself? Can Berk honestly say they had nothing to do with the attacks on our island nations? Are you not currently training dragons for this very reason?" Mogadon the meathead pointed his accusatory fingers towards Hiccup and his father. His son, Thuggory simply nodded his head.

"That's right!"

'Oh God,' thought Hiccup with a groan, his hand joining his face. Dagur had jumped up onto the table, his axe swinging about everywhere. The collected Vikings watched him with gathering interest.

"We all know about their little dragon academy, and the fact that the son of Stoic has trained the mighty Night Fury to do his bidding. I say we kill their little pets in order to stop the chaos."

There were murmurs of agreement all around the room and Hiccup found his nerves stirring within his stomach like a witch's broth. He felt sick when he heard the uttering of the angry chiefs wanting the

dragons dead.

"And that we should imprison the son of Stoic to prevent him from carrying out his evil deeds." Dagur continued.

That was it, Hiccup stood up, his face thunderous and heat glowing at the back of his throat. "Are you accusing me of attacking every single clan within the archipelago? It was you who decided to engage in unscrupulous takeover attempts on Berk; endangering myself, my friends and my father and joining forces with the Outcasts even after you signed the peace treaty." Hiccup was livid. He knew this was a desperate attempt to exempt revenge on him for Hiccup putting a stop to his plans.

"That's all in the past," Dagur exclaimed calmly. "I moved on. However this isn't about me. Where have you been Hiccup? I have heard rumours that you have been acting strangely lately, as if you were seeking the company of dragons over people."

Hiccup started. His eyes blown wide and his breath coming in quick. This wasn't good. What if the clans thought he was communicating with the dragons and forging alliances against the Vikings?

"I was simply spending time with Toothless. I invented this," he snapped out his flight suit to show it to the leering eyes, "I have simply been testing out my new inventions. That's all."

"I can vouch for him." Said Gobber. "When he isn't working on orders in the forge he is working on his personal projects, usually involving his dragon."

"How can we believe you though," Mogadon muttered angrily. "You could all be against us."

"That's ridiculous," boomed Stoic, "Berk against every clan of the archipelago? That's folly."

"He's right," said big boobied Bertha. "Even I can see the inconsistencies in this story. We all know Hiccup rides a Night Fury," there were nods all around, "no Night Fury has entered the air around my island. Many of the attacks come from dragons that live within the sea. Thunderdrums, Seashocker dragons, Skulldrons and the odd Sharkworms. I understand that no Viking on Berk has trained any of the species listed here."

"Father, that bodes true for the attacks on the Meathead islands. No Night Fury has been spotted during the raids." Thuggory put in helpfully. His father nodded to his son.

"Aye, we need more evidence before we condemn Berk."

Hiccup was glad that the tides on their situation seemed to be changing for the better. That was until he felt the hairs on the back of his head stand on end.

Everyone jumped when they heard great thundering bangs on the doors of the great hall. Loud roars sounded from the other side and Hiccup knew it was Toothless wanting to enter. Sure enough the black dragon managed to open the heavily locked doors with great strength. He ran towards Hiccup, but before he could get there Hiccup felt a presence

sat beside him.

"This is cosy, having everyone here for a nice chat about dubious events." The voice was silky and easily recognisable to Hiccup.

He took a few steps back, away from the black and green clad figure seated comfily on a wooden chair, his legs resting up on the stone edge of the fire pit. The man was clean shaven with bright silver eyes and jet black hair that was streaked with silver and was well groomed silky smooth to look at. His face was ridiculously handsome but he looked frightening. It was something about the aura that surrounded him. He exuded danger.

"Who are you," Dagur foolishly spoke out without a thought of the consequences.

The man ignored him; instead he looked at the quivering form of the russet haired boy who was still making tiny steps away from him.

"You're him, the voice!" Hiccup said in a small, slow voice.

"Oh so you do recognise me!" The man laughed happily. "But do you know who I am?" His piercing silver eyes remained trained on the small boy, grounding him to the spot. Hiccup forgot about Toothless who was also rooted to the spot a few yards away.

Hiccup shook his head, 'no.'

"I'm rather sad to hear that."

Hiccup noted that no one was moving, only watching. No one seemed to breathe. Even Dagur who was usually rambunctious and rash kept to where he stood.

Suddenly the figure stood and walked over to Hiccup. Hiccup began to panic as the man neared. He didn't like this person, he was scary and mysterious. There was something evil about him.

"Come now Hiccup, I am a fellow God, surely you can talk to me civilly?" He stood close to Hiccup, his face inches from the frightened boy. The figure was hunched over as he stood about a head and a half taller.

"What do you mean, fellow God?" Hiccup asked. His heart was beating like a hunted rabbit but he wouldn't allow his nerves to overcome his innate ability to talk and ask questions.

"Well, I say God but it's more like you are becoming one. You are still mortal after all." He picked Hiccup up under his armpits and hoisted him up high, much to the shock of the boy in question. "A new God is a rare and exciting thing. I simply could not stop myself from playing with you and your little Viking friends."

"Put me down will you." Hiccup shrieked. He clutched the strange man's wrists in an attempt to wrench himself free but the man's grip was tight and beginning to hurt. Toothless roared, seeing his friend in distress, however the black dragon could not move to save him.

"I am Loki, God of Mischief!" The man, Loki, laughed a terrible,

eerie cackle that sent nervous shards to pierce the skin of every mortal creature in the room. Hiccup was shuddering like a baby lamb facing a wolf.

"I have come to collect you, Dragon God!"

Is this what you expected? Please tell me your thoughts and feelings as I love to hear from you guys.

9. Chaos

Woah, this took me so long to think through and actually write down. I knew what was going to happen for ages, but never got stuck into this chapter until now. I hope you enjoy this one.

Loki would not let go of Hiccup. He simply hoisted the young boy over his shoulders like a fur skin coat and began to walk away from the gathered Vikings without another word to them. Hiccup could see the increasingly worried faces of the other chiefs and their heirs. Hiccup inclined his head to see fear in the face of his father. They couldn't move, couldn't do a thing to help.

Hiccup noted how the man didn't make a single sound upon the floor as he walked away. It was like being carried by a spectre, who happened to possess a corporeal form. He calmly strolled past Toothless, paying no attention to the evil leers coming from the frantic dragon.

"Where are you taking me?" Hiccup breathed out, feeling slightly winded with his chest pressed against a firm shoulder. Hiccup could deduce that even though the God held a lithe, tall and slender frame, he had dense muscle which was probably heavier than it looked.

"Don't fret little God, I will keep you safe and well!" The answer was cryptic and made Hiccup feel even more worried.

Hiccup didn't want to go anywhere with this being. He was the trickster of the Gods; a force that attempted to drive the world towards Ragnarok. He was clever, shifty and sly and could work his way around the greatest of Gods, planning their downfall and their demise with the skills of his silver tongue. He was the master of crafting plots and bending words. Hiccup was really frightened.

"No, I won't go anywhere with you!" He attempted to kick and squirm. Loki simply laughed and clenched his claw like nails into Hiccups side to stop his escape attempts. "No, stop, let me go. Toothless. TOOTHLESS!"

Hiccup was reciprocated by a furious roar coming from inside the hall. They were walking down the steps now, the outside air was frigid and snow was falling in torrents. The ground was frozen and coated in soft flakes two inches thick.

There was a boom, a gust of searing hot air, followed by a billow of steam. Loki moved Hiccup from his shoulder and held him by the leather of his collar. "You dislodged my magic, how?"

Loki peered fiercely into Hiccups eyes. His gaze was wild, like fire.

The silver was flecked with a strange Amber that resembled rivers of gold running through a silver cliff. It was Wildfire incarnate. He was a demon as well as a God. "I repeat, tiny God," Loki shook Hiccup like a sailor unfurling his sails, "how did you-"

Loki couldn't finish before he was barrelled into by a mass of black. Hiccup was let go, but immediately seized by a set of powerful jaws.

Hiccup felt disorientated, the sudden movement made him feel slightly nauseous; before he could make a note of where he was Toothless "who must have been his rescuer- ran down the stone entryway towards the village. He half sprinted half flew.

Hiccup didn't have time to mount Toothless, and Toothless knew they didn't have any time to waste to allow it. There was a dangerous being, possibly the most dangerous God there is, on their tail, who wanted Hiccup for his own malicious intent.

Hiccup was too shocked to move. He dangled like a kitten from his dragon's maw as they sped over grass and stone. By now the whole village was on red alert, not understanding what all the noise was. Dragons and Vikings emerged from their homes, weapons and teeth ready and primed for a fight, whatever it was.

Suddenly, once they had entered the actual main square of the town and the dragon was about to take flight, Toothless was knocked aside by something heavy as easily as if he was Hiccup being tackled by Snotlout. Toothless roared, letting Hiccup go accidentally. Toothless managed to jump away with a beat of his massive wings; but Hiccup was not so lucky.

The small boy rolled along the ground after the vicious tackle, his ribs garnering the attention of the cobbles and stones as they battered into his ribs painfully. He took a gasp of air once the motion ceased, his ribs stinging painfully.

"I wanted this to be a peaceful transaction, but then you and your little pet had to go and make a big meal over it. Honestly, you are as bad as those bickering Gannets that call themselves Gods. Always making everything out to be a betrayal to their way of life, or a knock in their pride and self-respect." Loki was there, casting an abyssal shadow over the winded boy as he lay on the ground. He sounded eternally peeved right now, his voice picking up a tiny spark of anger and indignation.

"After all, none of them can match the brains, lies and trickery I can weave with the power of my words." He bent over the boy, looking into his eyes as if searching for something. "As it stands, you too possess amazing brains and the ability to weave gold with your words. I have been watching you Hiccup; all your encounters with dragons and Vikings alike, your ability to craft and invent." Loki let out a raucous giggle as he placed his foot over Hiccup's chest, pushing down with minute effort and still managing to hurt the bruised ribs. "It's not every day one can come across a being with these rare skills."

Hiccup attempted to wriggle away. He clutched at the Gods' ankle and pushed the foot off. He sat up slowly whilst evening out his breathing. "I don't lie and hurt people like you do!" Hiccup panted,

his anger flaring like the fire of a Deadly Nadder.

Loki gave him a cynical looking glare, as if saying the boy said something strange. "Oh, is that right?" He picked Hiccup up once again by his forearm, hoisting him into a standing position. "Tell me, why haven't you told your friends and family about your little problem yet?"

Hiccup immediately got his meaning, his eyes widening and his lips slightly ajar. "I didn't mean toâ€¦"

"HICCUP!" The scream of his name came close by. Hiccups father and the rest of the humans on the island were converging on the sight of the tall, dark man holding fiercely onto Hiccup.

"Dad," Hiccup tried to wrench his arm away, but Loki had too much purchase on his arm. His grip was bruising and made Hiccups eyes mist with tears.

"Let my son go, demon!" Stoic's voice was low and threatening. Wielding a massive Warhammer, he struck Loki on the edge of his temples, effectively causing the God to fly a couple of yards away from the force of the blow.

Unfortunately Loki didn't let Hiccup go, and before Stoic could realise what had happened, the two disappeared all of a sudden.

It was like a great black shadow surged had up and swallowed them before, moments later, they reappeared behind Stoic. The great abyssal presence rose up behind the tall man, even taller and more sinister than the most fearsome Viking. Silver eyes glowed forth from endless darkness, leering and triumphant; although the figure was slightly disfigured, unnatural and all wrong.

The shadow dropped, revealing Loki, with his neck bent slightly and his head turned sideways. His neck snapped back into place from where it was kinked at an awkward and fatal position. Instead Stoic was met with a fearsome and sinister gaze. The expression was deadpan, fringing on bored. It was as if the being didn't feel the powerful blow behind the mass of harsh iron.

"That almost hurt, more like a slight ache actually, although it helped take the tired kinks from my neck."

Stoic glowered, his sight set on the terrified and shocked looking boy wrapped tightly in Loki's strong left arm. "Release him, monster." He growled.

Loki started to scratch his forehead, apparently nonchalant about speaking to the large, bearded human. "Hmm, you mean you don't want to fight monster like me? You want me to let him go without a fuss?" Stoic raised an eyebrow. Was this being crazy?

"You Vikings thrive in a world of violence and wars. You kill when your will demands it, without question. Peace comes about through chaos and bloodshed; that is the only way you can keep your own skins safe. No wonder Balder is not at all fond of you humans." Loki then cackled, and then a really freaky thing happened, his eyes turned a piercing, luminescent green. "Hah, but I love it. You pathetic mortals always open new ways to murder and plot in attempts to seek

balance in your own insignificant existences. I ask you now, who is the real monster?"

As Hiccup was listening, he looked out for Toothless, hinting to the dragon to move. His hands were making vague gestures and the boy only hoped Toothless understood what he was saying. He needed to get onto his dragon. They were the strongest in the air; together.

Hiccup needed Toothless to approach him silently, without the God suspecting. He was busy preaching his words of hate to the whole island, not at all paying attention to the boy in his arms. Hiccup only hoped he wasn't paying attention.

Toothless bowed his head slightly, bringing his belly low to the ground so that he could stalk like a cat hunting for birds. Hiccup remembered seeing a cat prowling towards a sleeping baby Terror, Toothless watching in curiosity. Unfortunately for the cat the Terror woke up and simply spat a small spark at the cat, who then scampered off in shock with a singed whisker.

Hopefully Toothless would get to him before Loki noticed. There was one thing Hiccup needed doing right.

Right when the cat was about to pounce, Hiccup noted the hesitance in its stance. The creature with wings and spines looked equal to the liveness and skills of the cat. Would it have been hurt once it pounced, even though the Terror was smaller than itself?

Toothless was near now, his legs taking wide steps, his body traversing about a metre with each stride, in silence. His pupils were narrowed to their smallest size, his teeth were bared. He would not fail. Too much hung in the balance.

Toothless didn't hesitate, he struck with fire and fury. His smouldering irises boring into the creature with the audacity to cling onto his friend.

The bright purple plasma blast bored right into the unsuspecting back of the God at close range. It surge out like a Riptide of the mightiest storm; the power behind it causing the ground to shake and for mud to fly up into the air.

Using the distraction and the purple smoke to hide himself, Hiccup bolted free of the arms that had to let him go. The fire did nothing to hurt the boy, for his skin was coated in fine golden scales. The force of the blow gave him all the momentum he needed to get away.

He made a beeline straight for his dragon, but felt a tug on his ankle and a pull in his belly when he was wrenched to the ground by some unknown force. He couldn't feel anything restricting him, but he knew that there was something there holding him down.

The only part of his body he could move was his head. He looked off to the side to see that every single human and dragon within his line of vision was tied to the earth by something shimmering a violet light.

"I have had enough of this!" Loki screamed. Hiccup couldn't see him, but he could feel him nearby.

Loki faced the sea, his face expecting and rigid in his fury, green eyes cast towards the now rolling waves beyond the cliffs. His eyes reflected a volatile, crooked mischief. If one could see into his mind they would see chaos, mixed with the longing for acceptance. A dark creature doesn't belong within the light of others; it does not mean they are evil, just misunderstood.

"Jormungandr, come and help your daddy now."

'Jormungandr? Isn't thatâ€|' Hiccups eyes blew wide. "Oh Gods, he is calling the Midgard serpent!" Hiccup screamed from his place on the ground. The coils tightened, squeezing the breath from him.

Whilst being squeezed Hiccup could hear the fearful calls of the others, human and dragon alike. This God could subdue a whole island nation plus guests with only an inkling of his power.

His blood ran cold when he heard the sea. It was a sound akin to a mountain falling onto its side. Whatever had breached the surface of the sea was vast, and far larger than even the Red death. A roar sounded out, or rather, a long guttural hiss that was scratchy, like stones bombarding into each other at the bottom of the shallow, coastal water during a storm.

The dragons on the island where roaring and crying in fright now. They could sense the great looming beast as it dragged itself out of the sea. Hiccup could feel the vibrations within the earth as it dragged its heavy bulk onto land. What he didn't know was that only the head had emerged from the water. There was then a resolute crash that made Hiccups ears ring.

"Son, it's beautiful to see you again," Loki purred when the great serpent cast its flaming ruby eyes onto its blood kin, "It is simply marvellous to spread a little chaos within the realm of mortals. I wish to spend a little more time with you."

Hiccup could see. He saw a great snake head, resting its bottom jaw on top of the whole village. It was staring at the multitude of terrified Vikings and dragons.

'_Yess, father!' _

Hiccup screamed in pain, the voice ringing in his brain. Toothless also gave out a pained roar. The snake just appeared to speak, but it didn't feel like a physical manifestation. It felt like a breach behind his ears, vibrating within his skull and brain.

"Let's cause a little bit of chaos!"

And with that, the ties on the mortals seemed to dissipate into the air. Hiccup could see shimmering purple tendrils wither and fade into nothing as they relinquished their grasp on the humans and dragons.

Dragons roared their freedom, Vikings screamed as they prepared for a battle. Essentially all hell broke loose.

Loki conjured up a whole hoard of shadow creatures, who rose up from the ground like the spirits of the dead. They barked and slathered as

they faced off against dragons and their riders.

Very soon the island was a battlefield. Hiccup could tell who was fighting what and where his loved ones were. The world was essentially turned on its kilter. It was surreal notion that shouldn't have a foothold in reality; Hiccup felt like the world was now madder than the nightmares he had in the past. No, this is a nightmare.

"Toothless, where are you?" Hiccup screamed into the chaos.

He could see that the great Serpent had decreased its size so that it could drag its body onto land some more. Its head was fringed with horns that resembled sea stacks. They were old and crumbling. Its skin was a strange, dappled palette of sea greens and oceanic blues; even in this light, Hiccup could see those colours in amazing clarity. A ridge of flowing, deep purple spines trailed all the way down its body. They were like the wings of great dragons.

It was being mobbed by a whole hoard of riders, with Snotlout of all people riding Hookfang at the forefront. Hookfang unleashed jets of viscous flames, that bounced and ricochet off the mirror like scale plates.

The snake snapped and hissed in fury, its malevolent fangs showing for the whole world to see. Hiccup shuddered to think what it would be like to be snapped up by those monstrous jaws.

"TOOOOOTH-"Hiccup screamed, but felt arms capturing once more. Oh he was getting sick of this now.

"SON," Stoick boomed from directly behind the boys head. Hiccup felt immensely relieved to know it was his father who had snatched him up.

Remembering where he needed to be the brunette haired boy dug his right foot into the ground, essentially stilling Stoic in his run. "Dad, I need to find Toothless."

"I know son, but I can't afford to lose you. We don't know why that creature wants you; we can't hope to match the evil of a God, it's beyond us."

"But dad, what can we do? He won't leave until he has me. I think I know why he wants me, I can just-"

"NO," Stoick boomed, the fury and fear evident in that single, brief word. He looked down at his son, his eyes glistening with moisture. It was a face Hiccup had never seen on his father before. He had never seen the great chieftain look so frightened before. "I will never allow you to give yourself up to that monster."

Hiccup stared into this fathers face. He felt his own eyes moisten. He felt proud to have a father like Stoick, a man who would never give up on his family.

"Dad, we need divert that monsters attention away. For this I need to find Toothless." Stoick gave Hiccup a stern glare, "I promise I won't give myself up."

Stoick seemed to relent. He nodded his head in weary admission.

"Thanks dad."

Hiccup left his father, sprinting back into the chaos. He had to sidestep past looming black figures as they attempted to tear into human flesh. Hiccup brandished the dagger he kept in a sheath strapped to his arm.

Hiccup was all about peace and talking to sort problems out, but when driven to the edge he would do whatever it took to come out of it alive, even draw blood.

Or in this case shadow. He sliced a creature along its neck, which made a spectral mist rise from the slash, taking the rest of the creature with it as if it was some kind of vacuum.

"TOOTHLESS, WHERE ARE YOU!"

Hiccup didn't have to wait long for he heard the tell-tale hiss of a Night Furies breath at it flew like a bolt of lightning through the air.

Toothless was so close, so close.

"Do you want him to die a fiery death?"

Hiccup spun around to see a looming cloud of black in the shape of a man standing over him. Green eyes gazed out from that abyssal black.

Hiccup lunged with his dagger, but his wrist was caught, his dagger flung away with a purple tendril. Hiccup saw a flash of silver deep inside the tendril in the shape of runes. His powers are formed through words?

_"It is the power of runes. All Gods possess them, whether they be in the shape of letters or images. It depends on the God or Goddess in question, and their powers differ." _

'That voice was different. Who was it?' Hiccup didn't have time to think before he felt a vast presence shift above him. He slowly looked up, shivers running through his body. The Midgard serpent was watching from above. Toothless grasped within its massive jaws, unconscious.

"He will you know. If Jor decides to swallow your little friend, he will dissolve in the fires of his belly. No creature except a God can survive." Loki was back to normal, his face devoid of all emotion. He looked deadly serious and not at all aloof.

"What do you want?" Hiccup asked, feigning calmness.

"I don't want anything." He said whilst looking at Hiccup's chest; right at the spot where the necklace lay. "I only wish to see chaos, to spread discord amongst the Gods."

"Then why bother with the likes of me?" Hiccup couldn't help but wonder now. Was there a reason behind his strange new powers? What of

the scales and other, physical attributes? The scale that Gothi presented to him, what did that mean?

Loki struck out, his long fingers clenching the boy's throat. "All will see and all will witness what you truly are."

Hiccup clawed at the hand, his eyes widening when he felt a burning sensation sizzling through the skin and burning the organs found there. The pain was immense and when the heat felt like it was trying to reverse and find a way out, it only had one outlet.

"I'm going to take your rune prisoner for now!" Suddenly a bright golden flame gushed from the boy's mouth, it flowed out like a snake peeking out from its burrow before fingers snatched the head. Loki captured it as if capturing a butterfly. He pressed the flame to the skin of his own throat, banishing the power to his own skin. Suddenly scales sprouted all over Hiccups body and golden, feathered wings burst from his back in a shower of blood. He screamed in acute pain, his back flaring as if sliced into by a poisoned sword.

"Your powers are no longer grounded; they are trying to break free to join the flame of its master."

Loki snapped his free hand out and clicked his fingers. Immediately Jormungandr dropped Toothless, who fell to the ground in a heavy heap of scale and wings.

Loki then handed the petrified boy to the great snake, whose long, ice blue tongue surged out and wrapped around the struggling boy's body.

The bound Dragons and Vikings could only watch in horror as the heir of Berk disappeared into the mouth of the great snake, only to be swallowed down.

The last thing Hiccup heard was Astrid and Stoick screaming his name, and Loki cackling in glee.

'Only a god could survive the fires of the Serpents belly.'

So what do you think? Shocking? Inspiration for the character of Loki comes from both the Thor films and a book titled The Gospel of Loki. This book is fascinating and makes Loki out to be a victim of prejudice, only because he is born a demon. Really he only wanted to be accepted in Asgard, but resorted to defying them when they threw his help back into his face. I dont think he was at all evil, only self serving. He got scared too, the Gods where so much bigger than him, and all he had to protect himself was a shield of words and his quick witted brain.

10. Belly of the beast

Sorry it is so late. I will also apologise for how short this chapter is. I'm usually writing each chapter between 2000-5000 words now, and this just doesn't meet that target. I hope you enjoy it all the same. Also thank you for all you guys who carry on reading and enjoying this story.

There was a lingering darkness that appeared to cling to the young

god's skin; except it wasn't skin anymore. Hiccup tried to move, but he felt weighed down by something, and that something was both worrying and alien.

Hiccup didn't dare to open his eyes. He kept them closed even when his other senses were going AWOL. It was hot, really damn hot! It made hiccup wonder if the spirits of the lost, the damned and the unfortunate faced a future of death and then heat and darkness. If Helheim was like this then Hiccup was prepared to enter the bloodiest war imaginable, just so that he could save a special place for himself in Valhalla.

Hiccup felt smothered by both heat and smell. He breathed in warily, expecting some form of bad smell. This place smelt like brimstone and molten rock. It was the smell of the rock Meatlug melted within her belly; except here the foul smell was impregnated by the smell of blood.

Hiccup allowed the smells to linger. He smelt sea, air, earth and fire. The blood was a mixture of all these things, coalescing into a primordial mixture that shouldn't exist in this world any longer. It was the essence of creation. Hiccup could feel it within his awakened cells.

Braving the unknown, Hiccup opened his eyes. They widened when he saw the place he was prisoner within.

The belly of the world serpent wasn't at all fleshy and disgusting as Hiccup expected it to be. Certainly there was flesh, blood vessels and pools of some kind of suspicious liquid, but the colours were all strange.

The meat of the belly was a light, pearlescent pink that shimmered like the inside of an oyster shell. There were tiny islands of earth topped with gorgeous fruit trees within the pools of green liquid. The trees themselves were wrapped up in veins of ocean blue and green and the fruits were blood red. Hiccup took a guess at what was feeding these trees and shuddered.

Not only were there trees and small flowers, there were splinters of wood that had shattered and were scattered everywhere. Hiccup deduced they were the remains of ships that ran afoul of the monstrous serpent during their time spent out to sea. Hiccup could see the debris of hulls, masts and sails scattered throughout the belly. Hiccup felt sad when he saw a few skeletons spread against the walls with their arms clawing up the sides; no doubt seeking escape from the cloying heat within.

Then there was the fire. Hiccup remembered Loki saying something about fire within the belly, except it wasn't actually fire. It was steamy, like a volcanic vent. Hiccup presumed it was as hot as fire in here. The place was partly obscured by light blue steam which probably hung about within the whole area of the stomach. Hiccup wondered how far this place went.

Hiccup stepped out, except he fell once again amongst pretty blue flowers when he lost his balance. His instincts worked before his brain as his front leg moved to step out instead of aiding in picking himself up.

"That's odd, why am Iâ€|?" Hiccup looked to his hand to see a paw tapering into claws instead. His whole arm was scale; glittering, golden, like armour.

Hiccup sprang up, inclining his neck so that he could see down his body. It was then he noticed the extra length in his now rather long neck. He saw a long and lithe body resembling a serpent with feathered wings and slim legs.

"I have six appendages," hiccup shouted out, "and a long neck. Spines, claws. OH GODS, WHAT DOES MY FACE LOOK LIKE?"

Hiccup sprung towards a pool of green water, hoping the surface was at least slightly reflective. It was strange moving in a bigger, alien body. Everything felt wrong, although very right.

Hiccup peered into the, water? It was reflective. Actually the water was still like a pond and mirrored the startled boy beautifully. Hiccups eyes were still green, except they were slit like an angry dragon.

His face was elongated, like a monstrous nightmare, except his teeth didn't protrude from his lips, and rounded around his cheeks. His jawline sprouted fur that became a mane of lustrous white fur that met the fur atop his head. Two golden horns sprouted from the back of his cranium; both were straight and honed into sharp points. Between each horn, spines sprouted and got larger as they ran the length of his back, finishing near the end of his horned tail. It was like a sword was melded to the end of the long and sinuous appendage. His ears were like Toothlesses, perky and able to give away his emotions as if he were a book ready to be read. Not only that, but his left leg had grown back.

'Oh no, what happened to Toothless? Dad? Astrid?' Hiccup walked away from the pond, worry over his family overtaking his joy at his regrown limb. His head went down and tears started collecting within his eyes.

Hiccup simply slumped boneless onto the squishy floor and began to cry. Never had he ever felt like this. This type of aloneness, real isolation with no way of knowing where he was or who was there to talk to him was a terrifying prospect. He was in a strange new body, away from his friends and family with no idea about how to regain his human body and find his way home.

It was rare Hiccup ever cried. Hiccup was stubborn, like his dad, and no matter how often he was knocked down he would always find a thing to grasp to pull himself back onto his feet. No matter what ridicule he went through in the past or how often he was picked on he never stopped being who he was.

But now he felt overwhelmed. This was all too overwhelming. Hiccup had to calm himself. He would not allow himself to panic. Panicking prevented one from thinking, and thinking was the best route out of this place.

Stemming the tears by wiping his scaled wrist over his eyes like a dog scratching its face, Hiccup stood up on all fours, raising his head high and resolute.

He walked forwards and into the azure haze.

* * *

><p>They were descending into darkness, deep unrelenting darkness full of death and despair.<p>

The edge of the ocean deeps where the roots of the Yggdrasil began was a difficult realm to traverse. The dark haired God looked beyond the scattered light of hundreds of abyssal creatures with their gaping mouths and snuggle-toothed teeth, beyond the darkness and into the realm beyond.

They were near the gates of Helheim. They simply had to cross a paper thin line of dreams and despair; the hopes and losses of the mortal realm, before they could enter the realm of death.

The shimmering purple line was razor thin, but difficult to cross, even with the force of the world serpent trying to traverse the door. The crossing would be turbulent, but only last a fraction of a second.

"I wonder how our little friend will cope with the crossing only gods can breach whilst they breathe."

The great serpent beneath Loki chuckled, the sound similar to that of rolling waves. Loki was sat cross legged over harsh scales, a simple silver light coating him protected him from the cold and pressure of the deep. It was a god's protection, a magic all gods held within their genes which allowed them to go anywhere they wished.

"He will be fine. The little gnat rests within my belly. I already know he has passed through the metamorphosis unscathed."

Loki nodded whilst he held up his hand and opened his fist. He saw the stolen rune, sat innocently within his palm. The glow was faint, pulsing no doubt in time with its master's heartbeat. Right now the pulses were frequent, like a mouse's natural beat.

"Indeed!" Loki smirked.

They both braced themselves, expecting the sting of the river dream to gush all the way through their bodies, expecting to take root and relinquish the emotions of the millions. Loki hated witnessing the visions he was forced to see within the split second it took to cross. So much pain, happiness, sadness, hurt, anger, apathy, vengefulness, love; the basic emotions one didn't need smarts to possess.

"I think the little guy just fainted, I can feel all he does, all he feels; I suppose it was a little strong and unexpected." The serpent's tail was still breaching the purple stream, although it was nearly all the way over. Jormungand actually chuckled once it was crossed.

"It is the first crossing after all," Loki replied, thoughtful, "but then again he has only just awakened as a god. I remember feeling washed out when the All-father first recruited me. Odin pulled me from the flames and practically forced Godhood on me. That was a special time!" A dreamy look passed over his face, but then his nose

and brows scrunched up, "Pledging my brain and wit to benefit those in Asgard was the first time I made a foolish decision."

"It was not the last though was it. Skadi, Thor, Sif, as well as others who still have a bone to pick with you. No wonder you are on the runabout all the time. Father, you are a busybody and no account trouble maker. Even mother wants to get her hands on you."

"Thank you for pointing out some of my finer moments. I work to displease. I got the Alias `_trickster_` for a reason."

"You will get yourself killed for good one of these days."

I won't die. I will just be locked up in endless darkness for all eternity." It was said so nonchalantly that the great snake suspected that his father was actually hiding his true feelings on the matter.

The snake swam through the water until he came across a ginormous chasm that was open to the abyss they were swimming within. The crack was so large that it should have made the ocean water drain through into the worlds crust, causing the sea level to fall.

There was a magic covering the entrance, repelling the water and forcing it away. There was no life this deep down, owing to the fact that mortal beings couldn't cross the dream conduit. There was only darkness down here.

Jormungand crawled through the crack, forcing his head through the filmy feeling magic and into rather fresh air. Immediately light and wind met the faces of the god and snake, signalling their arrival to the land of the dead.

11. The realm of Helheim

****It has been a long time, but I am finally back with the next instalment. I hope you enjoy. Also, I would like to note that I made a slight change in the last chapter. It is minute, and explains about Hiccup's missing leg.****

Hiccup woke up with a start. The stomach appeared to be convulsing, violently. Hiccup stared, immensely worried about what was about to happen. He had fallen asleep after exploring the immediate area. Two ends of the stomach were closed up, so Hiccup couldn't get very far. In the end he curled up and went to sleep.

The odd red fluid was sloshing about, leaving the pools and flopping onto the fleshy ground like small mackerel jumping about inside a net.

One ended up jumping out so far that Hiccup had to retreat back swiftly before it could touch his front paws. It was a close call, but he managed to evade the red liquid. His reflexes appeared to be quicker as a dragon.

The convulsions didn't abate. Hiccup did what he did best and observed the environment. He noted that the convulsions were moving along the walls, over the ribs and through the rock- like flesh. They were all headed in the same direction.

Hiccup peered into the depths and saw that the way was opened somewhat. The heated smog inside seemed to waft in that direction. Hiccup plucked up his courage and decided to walk. This place unnerved him.

He walked, seemingly for a long time. The snake was massive and resembled a long dark tunnel into the mountains. The flesh shimmered at Hiccup passed through. Bio-luminescent flowers lit the way through, casting the walls into beautiful arrays of fiery light. They shone red, much like the fruit trees.

It reminded Hiccup of how hungry he felt. His belly gargled and clenched; He couldn't tell whether it was nerves, or hunger that was the culprit.

He felt hungry, lonely, scared. He didn't know what was going to happen. His ears hung down, slack, his tail dragged along the floor and his neck was almost parallel to the floor.

The passage was slightly narrower suddenly. 'Maybe I have reached the neck?' Hiccup thought, wary of his horns touching the roof. This was why he kept his head down. His wings were clenched tightly to his back, folded neatly and out of the way. He was worried that brushing the sides of the passage would cause Jormungand to twitch in irritation, possible clenching his throat and squeezing Hiccup mercilessly. 'That's a comforting thought,' Hiccup remarked dryly in his head.

The walk carried on. The convulsions were few and far between, but they were still going. Before too long Hiccup encountered something different inside the long tunnel he had walked along. Along the roof was a network of acid green vessels that pulsed and seemed to writhe as a mass.

Hiccup felt his stomach turn when he observed the mass. They spanned along the roof, creating a network that left through the muscle to who knew where. The mass that writhed looked like a tangled knot of terrible terrors, except there were no heads or tails here.

Hiccup felt like poking it, but knew better. It looked squishy, but then again, if he did poke it than the snake would certainly feel it. Hiccup didn't fancy getting swallowed again; it was evident he was making progress on his journey out of there.

Suddenly, as if it were a homecoming beacon that welcomed the viewer back to familiar soil. It was a welcoming sight that made Hiccup pick up the pace. He desperately wanted to find the source of that light.

'Please be the exit!' Hiccup begged the higher powers.

Indeed, Hiccup found himself passing through the mouth. Rows of teeth resembling white stalactites and stalagmites lined the edges. They were long and looked viciously sharp. Hiccup noticed the squishier muscle beneath his paws. The tongue. Gross!

As if stepping into the mouth was a switch, the jaw seemingly fell beneath Hiccups paws. The world serpent opened his massive maw.

Hiccup almost rolled out from the mouth when the jaw opened; it left him unbalanced with the jerky, sudden movement. Hiccup righted himself and then ran out the rest of the way, worrying that at any second it would close again.

Hiccup was desperate to seek out that now, rather bright light. He burst forth from the serpents' mouth, immediately feeling fresh air buffeting his scales and feathers.

"Nice of you to join us, God. How was your journey?" Loki asked in a cool manner. Hiccup spied the God, standing there in an overbearing way, his hands connected behind his back. His chin was raised and his eyes, those eerie silver eyes, glimmered with apparent amusement.

Hiccup opened his maw but then stopped to think. Could he still think?

"All God's, no matter their form, can speak the words of man." The snake answered Hiccups unasked question.

Hiccup stared at the great snake for a moment, processing those words in his head.

When Hiccup finally decided to give his words a go, he found they escaped his reptilian lips easily enough. He even sounded virtually the same, albeit perhaps a little deeper in tone; less nasally.

"It would have been nice not to have been swallowed." Was the first thing he said.

Hiccup was met by two sets of chuckles. Loki sounded rather merry and unlike the chilling laughter the other Viking's heard inside the great hall. Loki actually sounded non-threatening. Jormungand, on the other hand, sounded like a dragon laughing. It was loud and reverberated through Hiccup's ears and head like a great bell.

"He does amuse me so Father!" The snake laughed.

Hiccup was really confused by now. Being as he was, Hiccup lost his concentration on the two that were chuckling and shifted his sights so that he could see where they were right then.

It made Hiccup stare.

The world he found himself stood inside was beautiful. The sky was a pale shade of lavender and speckled with stars, even though it was day-time. The sun possessed a dark pink hue. At least, Hiccup presumed it was a sun. It looked far larger in the sky, but it wasn't any hotter. Hiccup also noted that there was a few strange looking moons of differing shades of blue hovering in the sky. Some were larger, whilst some were small and looked further away. Hiccup couldn't gauge the distance with just his eyes. He really felt like spreading his wings and finding out.

The land was a darker shade of purple, with sands stretching in every direction. In the distance there were mountains made up of strange shaped spires and cliffs. Plants actually flourished in the warm landscape. Wild flowers bloomed in every possible colour and trees

swayed in the slight breeze. Hiccup thought it was a very large beach, but he was confused because there was no sea.

"This is the realm of Hel, managed by your niece." Loki said, jolting Hiccup from his assessments. Hiccup rounded on Loki suddenly, fearing he was hearing wrong.

"What do you mean niece? I haven't got any brothers or sisters, so how can I have a niece?"

"Oh, maybe I went about this with the wrong angle. I shall explain in an easy manner so that your previous mortal tendencies can have time to adjust to your more god-like heritage. Simply put, we are brothers!"

Hiccup shook his head, his mane swaying with the motion. "No, that doesn't sound right at all. If you are my brother then who is my father, and mother? I'm pretty sure my father is Stoic the Vast."

"Your sensibilities were skewered when you were reborn into the body of a mortal. No, your true father is Farbauti, and your mother is Laufey. When they struck the flame of our existence, we were born as a single unity to only separate and become two."

"So you are my twin?" Hiccup asked, carefully. He didn't yet believe Loki. This was far too outlandish for his liking.

"Correct!" Loki said.

"If that is so, why were you so threatening towards me and Toothless? You wanted me to suffer!" Hiccup roared, his dragon form accentuating his anger, making it something powerful.

"I had to put on an act. Odin was listening. Did you not notice the ravens whenever I was near?"

Hiccup did. He may have noticed them a couple of times, but he never actually thought much on it. Ravens were pretty abundant in the Archipelago after all.

"I cannot let Odin get a hold of you. Too long have I allowed him and the other Gods to walk all over me, bending my will to benefit their own selfish desires."

"Why would Odin want me?" Hiccup asked, humouring the God before he could attempt to escape. He needed to get back to Berk, back to his family and Toothless. The Night Fury was probably blowing things up right now in rage at his kidnapping.

"You are the God that went missing hundreds of years ago. Odin never managed to recruit you because your flame was stolen by another just after we were born."

"Oh yeah, stolen by who?"

"A dragon." Loki stated, malice cloaking his voice. "A damned lizard full of greed and envy, came and took your flame into its own body. Odin watched as it then burrowed itself deep down into the roots of the Yggdrasil. It was too late to salvage the flame. Your body

essentially gifted dragons with the ability to breathe fire. You are the dragon god! No one really knows how you got into Midgard, or how you were born into the body of a mortal, but now that you have been awakened, it is time to act."

"This is a little messed up isn't it? You, the God of trickery, is trying to tell me my true origins. What makes you think I can believe you? What makes you think I would bend to your will and walk along with you after what you did back on Berk?" Hiccup was managing to work himself up now, his wings beginning to flare, his fire growing inside his belly. This was ludicrous and twisted. This was the reason why the Gods' shouldn't mix themselves up in the mortal realm. Innocent, powerless people get hurt.

"Listen here bother," Loki advanced, the ground beginning to warp, his eyes flashing green. He seemed to grow with every step he took. "I didn't come here to baby you and tell you that everything is going to be okay. I may be the God of mischief, but family is very important to me. I never turn my back on them. That includes the brother stolen away from my side."

Hiccup swallowed. He felt small under the anger exuding from the God stood before him. Even though Hiccup was bigger than Loki in his dragon form, that didn't mean the God couldn't hurt him if he chose to.

Before Hiccup could even attempt to clear up the tension in the air, the great Snake spoke. "Father, isn't it about time for Hiccup to meet Hel?"

"Indeed." Loki said darkly. He clicked his fingers, a spark dancing away before bouncing off the thick armour plated scales of Jormungands' forehead. The spark bounced off and extinguished itself. The snake then shrunk down so that he was no bigger than a Terrible Terror; only longer. He wrapped himself around Loki.

"Follow me boy!" Loki demanded, still sounding angry.

Hiccup swallowed again. Putting his best foot forwards he followed the strange God into the vast, open desert.

They seemed to walk on and on. The warmth never got unbearable, even though the sun beat down with surprising strength. Hiccup felt tired for some reason. It also felt like a part of himself was missing; an unexplainable discomfort that left a gap in its wake.

"What was that thing you took from me?" Hiccup asked, banishing the silence. "Back home."

"I took your rune, Dagaz. The ability that was tampering with your body's natural will to transform. It's why you are so headstrong. I had to take it to fully awaken your dragon spirit. You may have it back once we reach Hel's residence. You will need it to be able to shift back."

"Hel, meaning the queen of the underworld. Is this the underworld?" Hiccup questioned, his ears perked forwards in curiosity.

"Yes Uncle. Hel oversees all souls that pass through the gates of Helheim. Hel herself casts her eye over those that died in all

realms. Those she deems worthy are allowed to stay in this realm. Others are sent back. Who knows what they will come to be reborn as."

Hiccup shuddered. It would be terrible to be sent back as a cod, only to end up as a tasty meal for a dragon; or even worse, as the village idiot! Hiccup smirked, thinking about the twins and Snotlout.

Loki stopped suddenly. His boots kicked up some sand when he stepped down a little too hard.

"Hel was placed here by Odin without her consent. She may tell me she is content living in this place, but I know she is lonely. Living amongst the dead is troublesome. Spend too long with the dead and your views on life will be questioned."

"Father has a real big issue with Odin." The snake hissed, coiling tightly around the God's shoulders. "And so do I."

"We are nothing but demons in the eyes of the Gods." Loki sniffed, his chin pointing up. "So that is how they expect us to act, so that is the side I show them."

Hiccup felt that there was more to this story than the dark god was letting on, but Loki didn't say anything else on the matter. Neither did Jormungand. The silence stretched out once again. Hiccup could do nothing but follow.

They seemingly walked on for hours. Hiccup felt tired of walking. "You know, wouldn't it be quicker if I just flown us there?"

"Do you actually know how to fly?" Loki didn't even turn. He smirked. "Didn't think so."

"How can you know that? I haven't tried. If I am a dragon, why shouldn't I instinctually know how to do it?"

"Because you only remember growing up as a human. Like I said earlier; your sensibilities and instincts are messed up!"

Hiccup didn't care. He scowled, his eye ridges meeting under his forehead. He was itching to try his strange wings out. He looked back, noting how weird they were. He had never met another dragon that had feathered wings. It was unheard of. Was it because he is a God?

He spread them out before gently flapping them, kicking up the particles of sand.

"Don't be a fool!" Loki snapped, turning to see Hiccup ignoring him. The dragon jumped into the air, thrusting his wings out. He remembered how Toothless did it. The way he moved. His tail straight, his wings fully extended. He pushed with his front legs almost as much as the back ones.

Hiccup soared up.

"I don't see any problem!" The world serpent stated, his large eyes watching the Dragon God's progress.

Hiccup meanwhile, could whoop for joy. Now he knew exactly how Toothless felt when he kicked off the earth and met the sky. It was different to anything he had experienced before. There were no boundaries, no threat of falling. Just him, the air and his wings. The flight suit couldn't compare to this. With this he felt in control.

'If only I could fly like this with Toothless.' Hiccup thought sadly, remembering the best friend he ever had, left behind. No doubt he was worrying about where Hiccup disappeared too. The thought made Hiccup feel a little sick. How was he going to find his way back home? Would he ever go back?

Hiccup landed neatly on the sand in front of Loki and Jormungand. Loki had one dark eyebrow quirked up, his silver eyes glimmering strangely.

"I should never underestimate the Gods."

"I bet you loved saying that," Hiccup quipped, forgetting to stem the dry humour.

"Lower yourself," Loki demanded. Hiccup lowered his body so that Loki could sit on the juncture between neck and shoulders, between two protruding spines. Loki held onto one as Hiccup stood to his full height. Jormungand tightened his coils around his father for security.

Taking a couple of steps, Hiccup propelled himself into the air, his feathered wings barely making a sound.

"Where to?" Hiccup asked.

"Towards the mountains. There is a valley directly beneath the smallest moon. Hel lives inside a mansion within the shadows."

"You wanted to walk all the way over there?" Hiccup almost shouted. Even now the mountains were far into the distance. It could have taken days to walk there.

"I did not expect for you to be able to fly already. Jormungand cannot travel over land, so walking was the only way to go." Loki sniffed, irritated.

"Well, this will be a lot quicker." Indeed, Hiccup flew as swift as a Night Fury. The slight breeze was constant and pushed Hiccup towards the mountains as if aiding his flight path. He expended much less energy flying than he did walking, although he still felt a little weary.

It must have taken about half a day to fly all the way there. Hiccup was thankful for his apparent 'foolishness,' otherwise they would still be miles away. Hiccup didn't particularly want to spend that time walking with the surly God. His mood did seem to lift somewhat during the flight. Hiccup felt smug because of it.

"Never flown a dragon before?" Hiccup asked carefully.

"Why the need to fly on a dragon when I can shift into a hawk and fly on my own volition!" Loki said haughtily.

Hiccup simply nodded, too vexed at the moment to argue.

"This is new!" The world serpent crowed. "I have swam through the Oceans of Midgard; they are essentially my sky. The thing is, there is always a tonne of weight pushing down on you. The freedom is limited in the deeps. I can get used to this." The snake had his mouth open, his blue tongue fluttering about in the air.

Hiccup banked around the mountain edge, into a rather narrow crevice, flying straight inside. Loki pointed out the narrowness of the valley entrance beforehand, but it still unsettled with how narrow the valley was. Hiccup had to fold his wings somewhat before he could snap them back out before they crashed. Suddenly the valley widened, the lavender sky exposed but never relinquishing that much light. The mountains were so tall that the sky was a thin sliver, like a snake.

The cliffs were sheer. Bio- luminescent plants grew in abundance, fed by the many bubbling streams that cascaded towards the valley floor.

Hiccup looked closely as he slowly swooped down. The water itself was strange. It glowed white, but the water contained a myriad of many different colours that were almost too faint to be seen. But Hiccup could see them.

"That is how the souls enter Helheim." Loki explained. "The water joins the main river, which then flows beneath Hel's estate. There, look," he pointed to a perfectly spherical shape, floating down along the surface of the water. "That is a soul."

"It is rather beautiful here. I didn't expect the realm of the dead to be quite like this."

"Death is fair. The souls that never died under the steel of battle deserve just as much honour in death. Many great people have died at home, in their sleep or because of disease."

"What is Valhalla like?" Hiccup asked, curiosity lacing his voice.

"I have never seen. Valhalla is under Odin's jurisdiction."

The conversation shifted with Hiccups flaring wings. He could now see the large building sat over the most beautiful river.

As they got closer, Hiccup noted the strangeness of this building. It wasn't like anything he had ever seen before. Instead of being made out of wood, the building was made out of stone. It looked sturdy, stark and foreign. The walls were dark purple, almost black and the windows contained gorgeous glass images of creatures of fantasy, great heroes, and the gods and goddesses. One window, that Hiccup could see, showcased what appeared to be Loki, surrounded by a snake, a wolf, a horse with eight legs and a woman that resembled him. Above their heads was a circle, containing two humanoid bodies, contorted around each other.

Loki directed Hiccup to land in a large cobbled courtyard. The God dismounted and began to walk towards the entrance. Hiccup could do

nothing but follow him inside.

Loki used his hands to swing the doors open without even touching them. The large doors swung in, admitting the visitors. Hiccup warily walked inside behind Loki, taking in the décor. The entrance hall was large. A strange material laid across the floor. Hiccups claws clicked as they passed over. He raised his tail so that it wouldn't drag along the cool ground.

It was, strangely enough, brightly lit inside. The fires burned hotly inside the brackets melded into the shapes of dragons. Most notably were the Night Furies with gaping maws, bluish flames flickering inside.

"It is wonderful to see you again Daddy!" A clear, feminine voice said. Hiccup looked to see a strange looking woman, her top half a live whilst the bottom half was dead, running towards Loki with her arms thrown wide.

"Hel." Loki hummed, hugging her back tightly. "What did I tell you about calling me daddy?"

"Oh come on, that is what you are!" Hel pouted. Her eyes twinkled with the same shade of silver as her fathers. However, unlike Loki's cold, wild ones, hers were warm, and jovial. She stroked Jormungand along his head before casting her eyes on Hiccup.

"Oh, you must be uncle Hiccup!" She left her father's arms and calmly walked over to Hiccup. Her face was beautiful; she obviously got her looks from Loki, strangely enough. Her lower body was a whole different story. It was bony, as if skin was stretched over a skeleton. It was haunting to look at and at first Hiccup felt unsettled. He backed up a little as she neared, feeling slightly frightened despite her apparent friendliness.

Hel stopped. She didn't look angry, or upset. "It's okay. The living are naturally frightened off my presence. You haven't attained your God-like powers for long, you are still adjusting." She carried on, stepping slowly, her arms raised in a placating manner.

Hiccup swallowed deeply, but stood his ground. Once Hel reached him, she placed a warm hand on his cheek. Immediately Hiccup felt calmer. She was so warm, in spite of being the Goddess of death.

"It is nice to finally meet you Uncle."

**So what do you guys think? Did I troll you with the twist in this chapter? Did it go how you thought, or was it totally different? I can tell you that originally it wasn't going to go like this, but then I thought this would make things more interesting. Loki is my favourite God after all. **

End
file.